

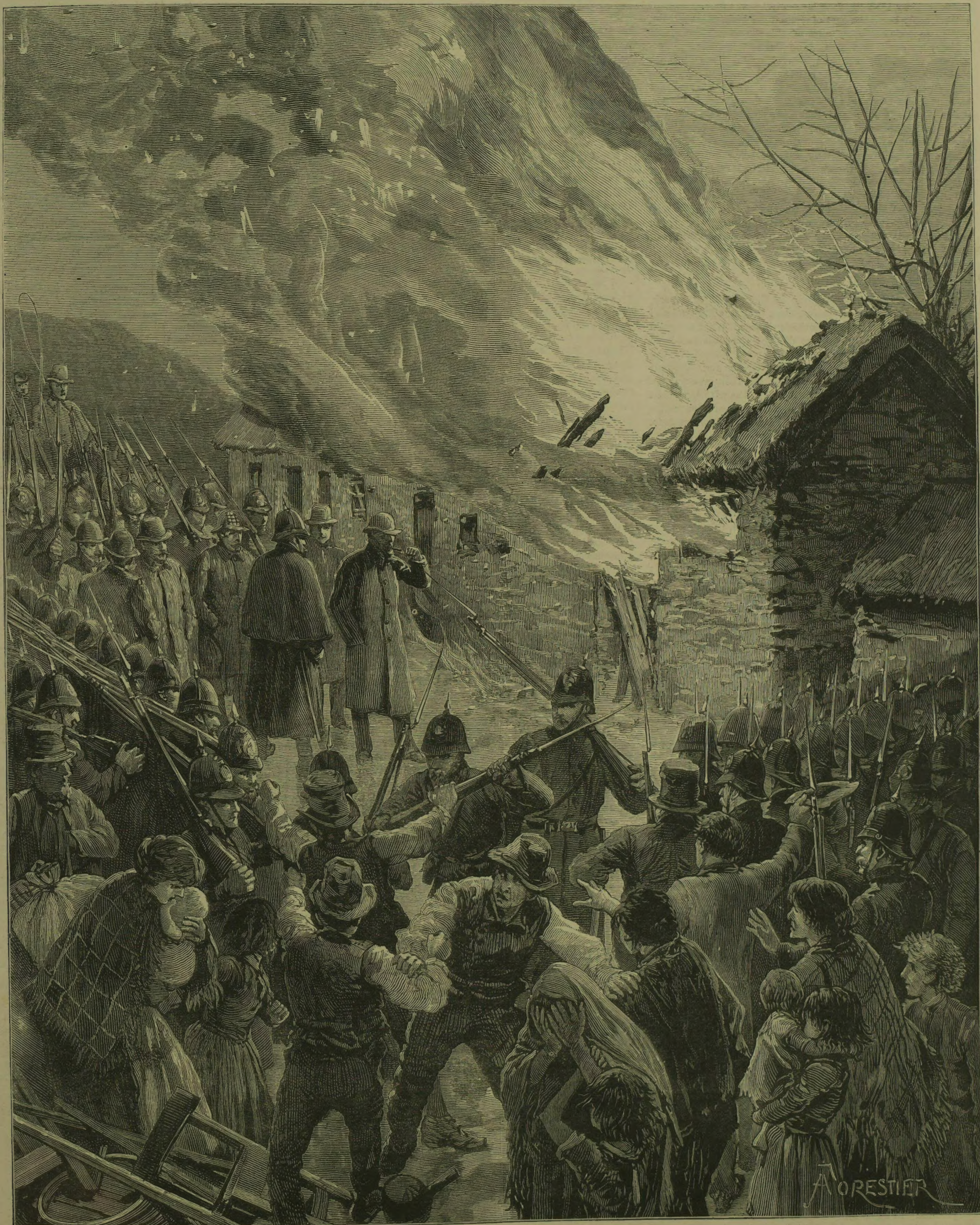
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THE RENT WAR IN IRELAND: BURNING THE HOUSES OF EVICTED TENANTS AT GLENBEIGH, COUNTY KERRY.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Bella! Horrida bella! There has been a war-scare, not only in London, but all over the Continent. Every Bourse in Europe has been convulsed; and even our own inexpugnable Consols shook for a few hours in their financial shoes. The Funds went down a trifle, even as at the death of Queen Anne they went up. All the alarm, and all the excitement, arose from a few lines of an alarmist tendency, printed in large type, in a London daily newspaper. "The Queen has done it all," wrote Henry Brougham (meaning Queen Adelaide), in a historical letter to the *Times*. "The *Daily News* did it all" on the morning of Monday, Jan. 24.

"Germany and France." "War impending." "Information accumulating at the Foreign Office with respect to the movements and intentions of Germany and France." "Grave apprehensions in the minds of her Majesty's Ministers." "Circumstances rapidly tending towards a crisis." "The first movement will probably be on the part of Germany, which, it is reported, will on an early day ask France what is the meaning of recent military movements towards the German frontier." Portentous words, these; and fearfully did they perturb statesmen, diplomats, journalists, and stock-jobbers from Fleet-street to Philippopolis, and from the Boulevard des Italiens to the Bosphorus. It is not at all unlikely that in the case of the *Daily News* and the impending war the watch of the respectable journal in question was only going a little too fast. There may be war between France and Germany, or some other Continental Powers, next autumn, next year, next week, or the day after to-morrow. Nothing is certain, but the unforeseen; and it would be dangerous to wager that the impending war will not be one, after all, between Ashantee and Dahomey, the Principality of Monaco and the Republic of the Val d'Andorre, or the kingdoms of Brobdingnag and Laputa; but I have witnessed so many war scares, without the arising therefrom of actual hostilities, as to have become slightly incredulous touching the imminence of war until it is actually proclaimed.

Mem.: Arriving at Melbourne in the middle of March, 1885, I found a war-scare "in full blast." It was England and Russia who were to cut one another's throats. What the good people of Melbourne thought, so did the excellent people of Sydney think; and their sentiments were shared by the esteemed inhabitants of Queensland, South and Western Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. But there was no war. Mind, I do not say that meek-eyed Peace will much longer hold her own in Europe. There are some millions of men under arms; and there must be a final cause for these vast armaments.

What is a "tart"? I do not mean the adjective meaning "sour" or "sharp," and which, according to that very rare and curious etymological dictionary, the "Gazophylacium Anglicanum" (London, 1639), is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *teart*; nor do I mean the tart which children, and occasionally adults, love so passionately, both in its open and dome-cruled forms; but "tart" as a noun of disparagement, misrepresentation, calumny; what does that mean? I ask, for the reason that the proprietor of a well-known sporting paper has been arraigned at the Mansion House on a charge of criminal libel; the libel being that a young lady of unimpeachable character, who is engaged as a vocalist at a popular theatre, had been alluded to in the journal in question as a "tart."

The proprietor of my sporting contemporary has made a handsome apology; he has paid the aggrieved young lady's costs; the summons has been withdrawn, and the case is at an end. But where is one to find the authorities attaching an injurious meaning to "tart" used as an epithet? The "Lexicon Balatronicum" of Captain Grose says nothing concerning "tart" as a term of disparagement. The "Slang Dictionary" of Jon Bee is equally silent. Nor is any information touching "tart" vouchsafed in the latest edition of the "Slang Dictionary" (London, Chatto and Windus).

It is a most curious coincidence that this is not the first time that "tart" has been a matter of bitter controversy and hostility in the theatrical world. Molière, in the "Ecole des Femmes," summed up the character of a stupid woman by saying that she thought about nothing but cream tarts; and in the "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," he somewhat contrived to identify stupidity and cream tarts with Marquises; whereupon a "real live" Marquis took up the cudgels for his order, and, happening to meet the dramatist in society, he not only hugged him to his noble breast; but seizing the poet's head savagely rubbed his face against the metal buttons of his own noble coat until poor Molière's countenance was covered with blood. While this savage horse-play was proceeding, Monsieur le Marquis did not cease to exclaim "Tarte à la crème, Molière! Tarte à la crème!"

Mem.: Referring to that French theatrical dictionary of which I spoke last week, I find that a very long soliloquy, such as that of Thérèse in "Phèdre," and that of Oreste in the "Andromaque," is called in Gallic theatrical slang a "Tartine." Naturally, this impelled me to seek for the etymology of "Tartufe." Molière had originally called his master hypocrite "Panulfe," but he changed the name to "Tartufe," obviously derived from the Italian "Tartufo," which signifies not only a "truffle," but a mean, mischievous, and cowardly fellow.

Mem.: I have been helped in the agreeable pursuit of word-hunting by the accession to my shelves of two fresh dictionaries, each a treasure in its way. The first is the "Gazophylacium Anglicanum," cited above, which I owe to the generous courtesy of the Rev. Richard Hooper, Vicar of Upton and Aston-Uphorpe, Berks. The only copy of the "Gazophylacium" in the British Museum is in the Grenville Library. There are two copies in the Bodleian; otherwise the book is splendidly scarce. Next, one glories over a fine tall copy of the "Lexicon Tetraglotton," an English-French-Italian-Spanish

Dictionary; with a supplement containing a collection of the choicest proverbs in the four tongues aforesaid; and "Five Centuries of New Sayings," which "in Tract of Time may serve for Proverbs to Posterity" (London: 1658). The compiler of this rare book is dear old Howell, of the "Letters."

When Jean Baptiste Rousseau submitted his "Ode to Posterity" to Voltaire, the arch satirist, scanning the lines, coolly remarked, "The Ode will never reach its address." Let us glance at a few of the new sayings which Howell hoped might serve for proverbs to posterity. "In a sluttish house the devil shakes his tail." "War begets peace, as a ruddy evening a fair morn." "Get Ireland to-day, and England may be thine to-morrow." "The rich miser, like the swan, sings sweetest before death—viz., when he makes his will." "Tis further from London to Highgate than from Highgate to London." "'Two heads are better than one,' said old Weymark, when he wished Sir Walter Raleigh's head upon Secretary Nanton's shoulders." Who was old Weymark?

Mem.: Howell said, 230 years ago, that "Spain was a cheap country to travel in, for one cannot get meat for money." This bears out the contention which the Distressed Compiler has often made in this column, that there is nothing to eat in Spain. Of course, Barcelona, Madrid, and Seville are exceptions to the rule; but elsewhere, in nine cases out of ten, if you arrive at a Spanish inn before or after the hour of the serving of the *puchero*, the answer to your request for refreshments will be, "*No hay nada*."

"E. M. J.," who wishes me to tell him the value of a genuine Mulready's cheap postage envelope, is referred to the Universal Information Office, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury. Down with the "dust," "E. M. J." (one shilling sterling), and the Southampton-street Bureau will tell you the cause of thunder; the meaning of the proverb, "'Bate me an ace,' quoth Bolton"; and why we should say, "Dancing the Hays," instead of "Dancing the Hay."

I went to Brighton last Saturday for a few hours. A gloomy day, and not a streak of sunshine; but a tolerable day, nevertheless, and seasonably, but not bitterly, cold. In the afternoon I repaired to the Theatre Royal, to see the Christmas pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk and Margery Daw; or, Harlequin in the Moon and the Giant Grumble Grim." Mrs. Nye Chart's pretty house was crowded, and would be crowded again, I was told, in the evening; for the pantomime is a highly successful one, and deserves all the success which it has achieved. Mr. H. M. Clifford was quite gracefully colossal as the Giant Grumble Grim, and Miss Addy Conyers was a pretty, nimble, and harmonious Jack. As the Man in the Moon, a very clever young lady, Miss Florence Bankhardt, danced with much agility, and sang with great *verve* a topical song full of allusions to the most prominent public characters of the day. Sitting in the stalls, and watching the young ladies in spangles merrily skipping and hopping behind the footlights, I could not help remembering that, some fifty-two years since, from the dress circle of the Theatre Royal, Brighton, I witnessed my first Christmas pantomime. All that I can remember of it now is that, in the course of the comic business, clown and pantaloons were supposed to boil a policeman. The municipal functionary, in his blue uniform, was bundled into a large cauldron labelled "Hot Water," and shortly afterwards he was fished out by the clown, having meanwhile, like the Morn in "Hudibras," turned from dark to red. We were told by our nurse that the policeman's change of hue was due to a veil of crimson gauze having been thrown over his uniform; but I firmly believed at the time that he had been boiled, and, lobster-like, had changed colour during the process.

I read that M. David Chasse, who lately departed this life, has, in accordance with the will of his grandfather, the distinguished French painter, bequeathed to the Brussels Museum four very fine specimens of the work of an artist who may, to a certain extent, be considered a truly great painter. Among these pictures is the original painting of "Marat in his Bath," which repulsive work adorned the hall of the National Convention from November, 1793, to February, 1795.

David, who, during the Reign of Terror, was a furious Jacobin, and under the First Empire was created a Baron, was proscribed at the Restoration and died in exile at Brussels. The Government of the Bourbons showed, even beyond the grave, their rancour for the man who had made a sketch of Marie Antoinette on her way to the scaffold; and the family of David were denied permission to bring back his remains to France. So, leave having been obtained from the King of the Netherlands, the painter was buried at Brussels. The incident incited Béranger to write the mournfully indignant lyric "Le Convoi de David." The concluding stanza is very fine:—

Non, non, vous ne passerez pas
Dit la sentinelle attendrie.
Eh bien! retournons sur nos pas.
Adieu, terre qu'il a chérie!
Les arts ont perdu le flambeau
Qui fit pâlir l'éclat de Rome,
Allons monder un tombeau
Pour les restes de ce grand homme.

During his lifetime David's early Jacobinism brought upon him the animadversion of perhaps as tolerant and charitable a man as ever lived—John Flaxman. When the illustrious English sculptor visited Paris, he resolutely and sternly refused to meet "David of the blood-stained brush."

It is a very excellent thing that the Social Democrats should go to church on Sundays; and it is to be hoped that, whether those Democrats belong to the category of the employed or the unemployed, they will derive considerable benefit from church-going. Nevertheless, I deferentially venture to think that the horny-handed sons of toil who have suddenly taken to "church-parades" are scarcely justified in indulging in hisses and groans when the names of the Queen and the Royal family are proclaimed from the reading-desk, and that interpolations of assent or dissent,

while the sermon is being preached, are wholly out of place in a church. Most of us have heard of the argumentative barrister, who objected to sermons on the ground, as he put it, that there was no right of reply; and of the country Curé in France who concluded his sermon thus—"What have you to say to these truths, Voltaire and Rousseau?" A pause of some twenty seconds. "You are silent, Voltaire and Rousseau; you have nothing to say; you are self-condemned"; and the preacher looked round triumphantly. If there were a "right of reply" to sermons, places of Divine worship would become so many places of ribaldry and brawling.

A chorus of half-incredulous, half-wrathful astonishment has arisen because Lord Coleridge recently fell into the strange error of saying that the mad murderer, Earl Ferrers, who was hanged at Tyburn for killing his land-steward, was tried by a common jury. Most people know that the homicidal dipsomaniac in question was tried before the House of Lords in Westminster Hall, and, after conviction, was taken from the Tower (where his bitter complaint was that the Governor would not let him have beer enough) to Tyburn, where he was hanged. It was a two-hours' journey; and my Lord rode in his own landau and six (the coachman weeping all the way), with Mr. Sheriff Vaillant, a bookseller of French extraction, by his side. There was an immense crowd, alluding to which his Lordship coolly remarked that he supposed that they had never seen a Lord hanged before.

The phenomena of memory are innumerable; and it must have been owing to some transient but unaccountable lapse of recollection that the Lord Chief Justice of England, with all his vast learning and his splendid mental faculties unimpaired "remembered to forget" that Lord Ferrers was tried by his Peers and not by a common jury. One need not go to the "State Trials" or to the "Newgate Calendar" to ascertain the facts in question. There are repeated allusions to the trial and execution of Lord Ferrers in "Horace Walpole's Letters."

See the edition, in nine volumes, edited by Peter Cunningham (Vol. III., p. 131), for a curious story of the Earl, a short time before he committed the crime for which he was executed, prosecuting at the Hertford Assizes one Page, a highwayman, who had robbed him. The case against Page was clear; but he was clever enough to plead that Lord Ferrers, having been excommunicated by the Ecclesiastical Courts, could not legally give evidence. The plea was allowed, and the robber escaped the halter. A few months afterwards it was the prosecutor who got hanged.

Writing from Strawberry-hill (May 24, 1760), to Sir Horace Mann, Walpole sends his correspondent some new books. "Lord George's trial, Lord Ferrers' trial and the account of him, a fashionable thing called 'Tristram Shandy,' and my Lord Lyttelton's new 'Dialogues of the Dead.'" "A fashionable thing called 'Tristram Shandy'!"

The London Tableaux-Vivants season is setting in with its customary amenity. I am asked to state that, under special Royal patronage, there will be presented at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday and Thursday, February 9th and 10th, a series of seven Tableaux-Vivants, illustrating the legend of St. Helena, from the Conversion of her son, Constantine the Great, to Christianity, to her Inventing or Finding the True Cross at Golgotha, A.D. 326. The performances will be for the benefit of the St. Helena Home for Nurses in Grove End-road. Artists of distinction will give their assistance in arranging the groupings and costumes; the tableaux will be accompanied by appropriate music; and the entire "function" promises to be a most interesting one. The institution of which the funds are to be benefited is a most deserving one; and it is quite within the fitness of things that the good deeds of St. Helena should be commemorated: for the sanctified Empress was, according to the universal tradition of British historians, of English birth. Henry of Huntingdon tells us that Helena was the only daughter of King Coilus or Coël, who first built walls round the town of Colchester; although Drake rather inclines to the opinion that the Sainted Lady first saw the light at York.

"P. K.," a Doctor of Philosophy, writes from Breslau:—

With reference to your query in the copy of Dec. 25 of the *Illustrated London News* about the veracity of a tale (reprinted in different English books) illustrating the cruelty of Frederick the Great at the time of the first Silesian war, I write to say (as one of your German readers) that I have asked a German scholar, who has been studying the life, works, and correspondence of Frederick II. for many years, and who has published several books on this head; but that he does not know anything of the story. Being a Silesian myself, and many anecdotes about our famous King being told in this part of Prussia (perhaps more than anywhere else), I should say that the tale ought to (must) be known here, where Frederick the Great waged his first wars. But nobody I have asked knew anything about it. It would be interesting to find out where the story of an officer, called Zietern, shot on account of insubordination, in the way described by you, occurs for the first time.

In the matter of a children's book called "The Sugar Plumb," published ever so many years ago by E. Newbery, "corner of St. Paul's Churchyard," a correspondent tells me that all that the present firm of Griffith, Farran, and Co., the successors of "E. Newbery," know about the little volume in question is told in Mr. Charles Welsh's work "A Bookseller of the Last Century," in which it is catalogued as one of the Newbery publications. It is not supposed that "The Sugar Plumb" has any intrinsic value, save to a collector of "Newberiana."

The remains of a gentleman, a Justice of the Peace, who died recently, at Twickenham, have been cremated at Woking. The circumstance is worth noting in connection with that of the Paris Cremationists having just held their annual meeting at the Mairie of the Eighth Arrondissement. The report of the society alludes with satisfaction to the legalisation of cremation in France by an Act of the Chambers passed last March by 371 votes against 174. The Pope has placed cremation under a ban; but, the Papal anathema notwithstanding, the incineration of the dead is becoming more frequent in Italy than in any other European country. The practice does not seem to have made any way in Spain; a land in which popular taste, in former times, ran rather in the direction of burning not the dead, but the living. G. A. S.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The Marquis of Salisbury, in common with a considerable number of her Majesty's subjects, doubtlessly experienced no little surprise in reading the startling leader in Monday's *Daily News* announcing the imminence of war between France and Germany. The Prime Minister hastened from Hatfield to the Foreign Office, whither Count Hatzfeldt (the German Ambassador), M. Waddington (the French Minister), Count Corti, and other Ministers also repaired with promptitude, presumably to learn from the noble Marquis what the evening papers of Monday disclosed: that there was no foundation for the alarm. It may be prudent to remember, however, that rose-coloured views of the European situation were held by a previous Foreign Secretary almost on the eve of the Franco-German War. With the colossal armies of France and Germany, of Russia and Austria, well-nigh on a war footing; with the troublesome and dangerous question of Bulgaria still unsettled; and, above all, with the loss of Alsace and Lorraine rankling in the mind of France, it is impossible to believe that Peace is secured for any long period. Still, we must be thankful for small mercies. The pacific declarations of Lord Salisbury may be accepted as reassuring for the time being.

The meeting of Parliament this week was preceded by a few speeches of some importance. Remarkable for their incisive vigour have been the electioneering addresses of Mr. Goschen, whose energy does not appear to have been one whit impaired by frequent railway journeys to and from Liverpool. Tersely and resolutely has Mr. Goschen repeated the inflexible determination of the Government (supported by the "Liberal Unionists," whom the right hon. gentleman directly represents in the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury) to maintain the "Union" of the United Kingdom and Ireland at all hazards. And so say all of us. But the problem yet remains—Which is the best way to maintain the spirit as well as the letter of our "Union"? As Mr. Chamberlain pointedly stated at Hawick last Saturday (and as we have ventured to remark over and over again in this Journal), there is not so much difference, after all, between the views of the Conservative leaders, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Gladstone with respect to the changes needed in the administration of Ireland. The "Round-Table Conference" had, indeed, so far induced Mr. Chamberlain to render tribute to Mr. Gladstone that he explicitly acknowledged at Hawick that his late chief "has said that his object is to establish some kind of legislative authority in Ireland for the transaction of domestic business, applicable, in principle, to other parts of the Kingdom, and with ample guarantees for the unity of the Empire and for the rights of minorities"; and the right hon. member for Birmingham added that he had himself admitted his readiness to vote in favour of the same principle, though he had felt himself unable to support the bill rejected by the House. Truth is, every English, Scottish, and Welsh, and many Irish members are firm in their resolve to preserve the constitutional tie which binds the British Isles. There being a general agreement on this vital point, common-sense declares we should be within a measurable distance of a satisfactory settlement of the Irish question. Meantime, the Glenbeigh evictions have not mended matters in Ireland. They have aroused a strong feeling of sympathy with the poor people whose cottages have been burnt over their heads, and who have been relentlessly turned out in the cold. Mr. Chamberlain's condemnation of the "Plan of Campaign" as immoral, has elicited from Mr. John Dillon, M.P., a warm defence of the illegal system, on the score that it helps a class unable to help themselves.

The eulogium passed by Mr. Chamberlain on Sir George Trevelyan for his great services to his country, and the testimonial presented to the Right Hon. Baronet by his Hawick constituents on Saturday last, must have consoled the ex-Secretary for Ireland in some measure for his defeat at the General Election. Sir George Trevelyan (who had the gratification of being presented with a portrait of himself by Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., whilst Lady Trevelyan received a couple of gold rings) is far too able and honest a statesman to be out of Parliament much longer.

That the personal popularity of Mr. Gladstone continues was manifest from the lusty cheers which sped the veteran Liberal leader on his way from Hawarden to London on Tuesday. The ex-Premier, who buoyantly bears the burden of seventy-seven winters, and looked in the best of health and spirits, proceeded with Mrs. Gladstone to the residence of Lady Frederick Cavendish, 21, Carlton House-terrace. There Mr. Gladstone held a consultation on Tuesday with the chief Liberal whip, Mr. Arnold Morley, whose prediction of a few months ago may yet be realised this year, so artificial is the condition of parties in the House of Commons.

In accordance with the position he has taken up of councillor, philosopher, and friend of the Marquis of Salisbury and his Ministry, Lord Hartington on Monday held a conference with the Prime Minister, and on Tuesday was consulted at Devonshire House by Mr. W. H. Smith, the new Leader of the Commons, and by the hard-worked Secretary for Ireland, Sir Michael Hicks Beach. The recognised Ministerial and Opposition Leaders gave their customary official dinners on the eve of the assembling of Parliament.

It having been decided that the second Session of her Majesty's Twelfth Parliament should be opened on Thursday by Royal Commission, the function was inevitably shorn of that regal splendour which renders the ceremony impressively magnificent when graced by the presence of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Lord Halsbury's fondest admirers would hardly claim dignity as a strong point of the Lord Chancellor, as he sits in front of the Throne, the central figure of the line of Royal Commissioners in Peers' robes and cocked hats. Cumbersome though these scarlet robes be to wear, they gleam as a welcome rift of colour, and afford relief to the sombre and prosaic black coats of the generality of their Lordships. Our first edition goes to press too early to enable us to say how the Earl of Erne and Lord Torrington, Viscount Weymouth, and Mr. Gerald Balfour acquitted themselves as movers and seconders of the Addresses in the Lords and Commons in reply to the Queen's Speech; or to state how the Marquis of Salisbury met Earl Granville's criticisms, how Lord Randolph Churchill explained his reasons for resigning the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, or in what manner Mr. W. H. Smith comported himself as Leader of the House of Commons. But these points will be fully discussed in these columns next week by our "Silent Member."

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Tuesday consecrated a new church at Ramsgate, and dedicated it to "St. Paul."

Intelligence from the Red Sea announces that a small Abyssinian force has made an attack upon Massowah, in which two hundred Abyssinians and five Italians were killed. The Italians have sent fifteen hundred men to Makullah.

The weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Tuesday last consisted of Byron's "Old Soldiers," which was admirably performed by the Misses Grace Murray, Bertha Dobson, Eleanor Rothsay (Mrs. F. Upton), Messrs. Herbert Linford, Frederic Upton, A. H. Ecord, W. M. Waterton, and W. A. J. Hickes.

FORGOTTEN SONGS.

Music, when sweet voices die,
Vibrates in the memory,

says Shelley, in a most unforgettable song, whose verses are the sweet and melancholy close to one of the most delightful of printed books, Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." In its pages lie, like pressed rose-leaves that yet retain all their perfume and all their bloom, many hundreds of most exquisite songs—it is hardly to be believed how rich our language is in this most perfect, most difficult of poetry. From page the first, with its "Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king"—an inspired beginning for such a book—there rolls on a splendid pageant, as varied as the sea and sky, showing bannerets floating with the bearings of Shakspeare, Shelley, Burns, Milton, Wordsworth, Campbell, kings of song: all crowded into a brief three centuries, all filled with life and beauty: until the brief pensive cadence at the close—"Music, when sweet voices die."

Here is happiness for a lifetime; and history, in the changing tones of the music as the years roll on; and philosophy of all schools, Stoic, Epicurean, and the noblest Christian thought; and the best justification against the common slanderers of fame—"the last infirmity of noble minds." Is not fame justified by a book like this? Are not these names that we know great names indeed, when such were the thoughts of those who bore them? Horace said with pride that he had builded a monument more eternal than brass; it was a worthy pride, and the singers of these songs deserved to be, as they are, immortal.

Here are, indeed, songs for many centuries of English readers; but yet there is many and many a beautiful song which is not here. And the reason of this is often a sad one: it is because such a song is not a mere gem among the many treasures of a great man, and therefore sacredly kept in the volume of his writings, which is read far and wide, and in no danger of being lost; but is, rather, a beautiful little-known song, the one ewe lamb of a poor singer—who perhaps only once in his life found a subject he delighted in, and his voice clear and in fit order, and maybe a little audience to listen to him!

No doubt such a singer had "the last infirmity of noble minds"; and it seems sad that the writer of a beautiful thing, hovering wistfully above the world he has quitted, should see in all the lands his modest name outshone, or overshadowed, by the great ones of the past and present—by some of the present, indeed, who may not be absolutely great.

Even more galling, it may be, if less moving of pity, is the fate of those—and they are not a few—who obtained great fame for work of moderate value, and meanwhile did some little work of real beauty; and now, from their dwellings in "the distant Auldenn," see the tiny gem swept away unheeded in the bundle of tinsel—gone, disappeared entirely, and it would seem finally—

Like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.

(I have, I know not why, Mistress Joanna Baillie especially in my head in saying this; and, were it not profanity, I could almost fear that Hogg's past fame was avenging itself by sweeping away, in its fall, some lovely lyrics that the world should not willingly let die. South of the Tyne, at all events, the Ettrick Shepherd would seem to be but little read nowadays.)

But the pleasant thought has arisen in my mind that there is really scarce any need to make oneself melancholy over these forgotten songs and their singers—sometimes less forgotten in name, though in name only—and this for at least two excellent reasons. Of these, the first is doubtless not altogether a cheering one—for it is merely that there are so many things so close at hand to be melancholy about that it seems a little extravagant to send out (so to speak) for a new one; but the second reason is both pleasanter and fresher.

It is the fact that none of the really beautiful songs are forgotten—none, that is, of the very large majority which have once got themselves into printed books. It is not only pleasant to think, it is most likely the truth, that here or there, in library or cottage, perhaps in a schoolboy's bed-room, perhaps in a barrack or a ship's cabin, everything of beauty is a joy for ever to *someone*—every gem of song has its one special lover: its leaf is turned down, in the stained and shabby book, or it lives in the memory, and hums in its lover's brain as he walks along to work.

I have pleased myself by imagining "what like," as the Scotch say, a sweetheart each of these songs should have. I have named Joanna Baillie: who is the rightful worshipper—the fit audience of one—for this lovely love-song, which of late years, I fear, has had "none to praise, and very few to love"?

Oh welcome, bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way!
And welcome, moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by!
And welcome, shadows dim and deep,
And stars that through the pale sky peep!
O, welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland Love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair;
Her breath is in the dewy air;
Her steps are in the whispered sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour?
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night?

I can imagine a little old maid, very simple and cultivated and refined, a village schoolmistress, perhaps, till the School Board came and rooted her up and turned her out: such a one as might well have had a romance in her youth, and might—with no vanity, looking back upon herself as she was, in days she cannot think so long ago!—picture herself as the heroine of the charming ballad.

We must pick out a very different reader—and yet with a little that is like in his unlikeness—who shall be moved by the sturdy imagination, the sturdy humour, and quaintness and wilfulness, of a poet who was a poet, and who wrote his last book but a very little while ago; but whose fame, such as it was, seems to be quickly going the way of all minor famous things. I can see a stalwart country parson, living among bores in a lonely district, with a rusty coat, and a very good dinner, and the keenest of ears for a misplaced accent, taking his fill of delight from the fresh strong lyrics of Thomas Love Peacock; in whose prose, too, was the fine, firm classic touch—as, for example, in "The Misfortunes of Elphin":—"Teithrin answered: 'A tempest is coming from the west. The moon has waned three days, and is half hidden in clouds, just visible above the mountains; the bank of clouds is black in the west; the sea is flying before them; and the white waves are rolling to the shore.'" Our parson turns the page, and reads for the hundredth time the poem that always stirs his blood: "The Song of the Four Winds"—

Wind from the north: the young spring day
Is pleasant on the sunny mead;
The merry harps at even play:
The dance gay youths and maidens lead:
The thrush makes chorons from the thorn:
The mighty drinker fills his horn!

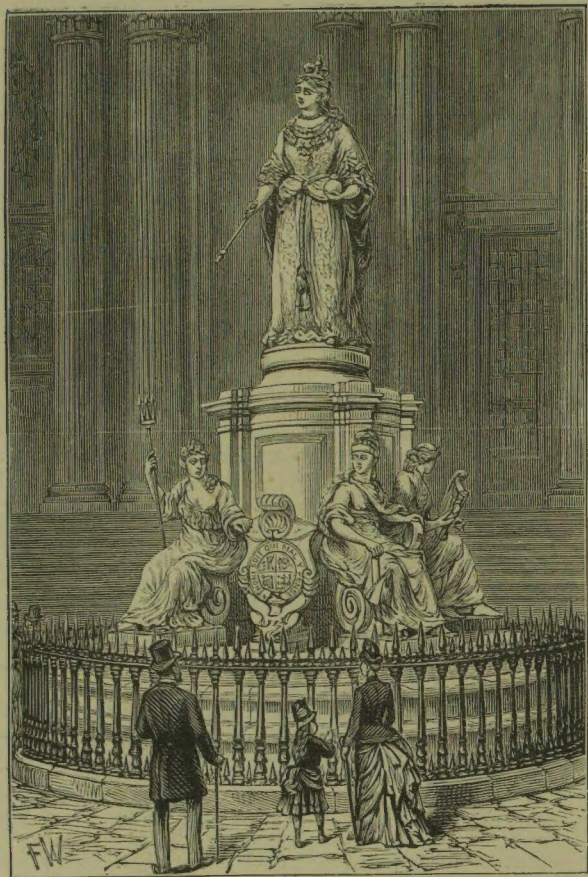
E. R.

THE RENT WAR IN IRELAND.

It was mentioned last week that scenes of a very exciting character took place at Glenbeigh, county Kerry, on the estate of the Hon. Rowland Winn. The Winn estate, which lies about midway between the towns of Killorglin and Caherciveen, has a rental of about £1600 a year out of the most barren and desolate land. It has fallen into the hands of mortgagees represented by Mr. Head, of Reigate, who claimed the rent. The arrears amounted to nearly £6500; no rent had been paid for five years. Some even owed the rent for seven or eight years. On their being served with writs they agreed to a settlement, effected by Mr. Curran, the County Court Judge, by which they were to receive a receipt in full on paying a year's rent up to Nov. 1, 1885. The National League, however, held a meeting and incited the tenants to break the agreement. The Rev. Father Quilter, himself a Nationalist, interfered, and a compromise was made, advised by Gen. Buller, by an offer to give them a receipt in full upon paying a half-year's rent up to May 1. They accepted the offer, and would have paid; but within a few days of the period for payment expiring they were addressed by the agitators of the League, and were induced again to violate their engagement, greatly to the annoyance of the rev. gentleman. The agent, Mr. Roe, then obtained eviction decrees; and the deputy sheriff, Mr. Goodman, proceeded to execute these evictions.

The party employed on Wednesday, the 12th inst., consisted of the sub-sheriff's deputy, four bailiffs, Mr. Roe, the agent, and six emergency bailiffs brought from Dublin, protected by a force of about fifty policemen under command of Mr. Morrison, district inspector of Killorglin. The farm of Patrick Reardon, of Droum, three miles beyond Glenbeigh, was selected to begin with. The people, aware of the evictions, had collected, and followed the eviction party. Reardon told the agent that he was unable to pay according to Judge Curran's stipulation, and got the reply that his house would be burned around him. So quickly was the threat put into execution that he was scarcely allowed time to get out his furniture, when a match was put to the roof. As the door was being removed by one of the family, a bailiff began to hack it with his hatchet. The agent stood by and looked on while his staff attacked the walls with their crowbars, and only ceased when all was demolished. The tenant's rent was £4 10s.; his valuation £2 17s. He has eight in family, and had no stock. The holding of Thomas Burke, of Droum, was then proceeded to. The rent in this case was £4 19s., and the valuation £3. There is a family of six. The tenant was unable to pay. The bailiffs tried to set the roof on fire, but the thatch would not ignite. The agent then ordered the house to be pulled down. The bailiffs attacked the walls with crowbars, and laid every stone of it level. The scene was a sad one; the inmates of the hut were half-naked and emaciated by hunger. Every moment the crowd became more excited, and they would have stoned the bailiffs but for the influence brought to bear on them. In the next case the holding was a joint one, the tenants being Patrick Diggin and Thomas Diggin. The former had eight in family, and the latter ten. The judicial rent was £8, having been reduced from £12, and the valuation £5 15s. There were four cows on the entire place. Patrick Diggin's wife offered the agent a gale's rent and the law costs, which she assured him was all the money she possessed, and that had been given her by a daughter employed as a farm servant in Limerick. The offer was not accepted, though the sheriff's deputy would evidently have been glad to escape the duty, and urged the agent to take the money. The match was again put to the roof, and no sooner had this been done than the sheriff's representative drove off, and left the agent looking at the conflagration from amongst the police. Patrick Diggin, an old man of eighty, taking his little grand-child in his arms, wandered up the glen: his aged wife, unnoticed in the excitement, lay swooning on the ground. Roars of indignation went up from the crowd, and the position seemed very threatening, when Mr. E. Harrington, M.P., appeared on the scene, and made a speech, denouncing the agent as a "Jewish money-lender's blackguard firebrand, a red-handed incendiary wretch." A subscription, to which some of the police contributed, was raised for the relief of the destitute families.

On the Friday, the work of executing these evictions was renewed, but without further burning of cottages. In excuse for that extreme measure it is stated that the occupants were evicted some years ago and took forcible possession again; so it was thought necessary to make it impossible for them to repeat the forcible reoccupation, if they meant to do so. This part of the proceedings has, however, been given up. The Friday's work, in one instance, was opposed with violence and conflict. A tenant, named Michael Griffin, had his door and windows barricaded at the approach of the sheriff's party. Mr. Goodman, the deputy sheriff, came on first, and as he approached the door a stick was thrust through, and the end of it struck him in the ear, causing a wound, which, however, is not serious. A dozen of the police with rifles then placed themselves behind the bailiffs, and the door was assailed with a hatchet. A loud shout from within invited them to come on, and, as the frail door was broken into fragments by the blows of the hatchet, a shower of burning sticks, pieces of red turf, and stones came from those within. For a moment the police retired, and then Mr. Goodman, with the revolver in his hand, led another rush on the door. A struggle seemed to be taking place inside, while the crowd outside cheered and tried to press forward. A couple of girls and children escaped through the windows. The tenant's wife, who is in delicate health, was brought out in a fainting fit, and was laid down in the yard, while alongside her the police were forming into a double line and loading their rifles. At every moment the crowd seemed ready to rush on the police to the rescue of those in the house, who were being made prisoners. A sanguinary encounter appeared inevitable. Mr. Harrington, M.P., who had been some minutes consulting with the police officer, Mr. Morrison, got on the top of the fence of the yard and addressed the people. He said: "Listen to me. I have not, as you know, counselled this resistance; but I will advise you, for my sake, for your own sakes, and for the sake of the country, to be ruled by me. The prisoners are to be taken to jail now, and, as your friend, I ask you to allow them to go." Shortly afterwards, the police arrested twenty-three persons, who were taken to the barracks. They have since been several times examined by the magistrates at Killorglin, where Mr. John Dillon, M.P.; Mr. Harrington, M.P.; and other Irish members of the House of Commons, were present to give countenance to the prisoners. On Monday last, after hearing evidence as to the assaults, the magistrates discharged the accused, on the ground that they were not satisfied that the legal conditions regulating the appointment of bailiffs, and the action of the sheriff's deputy, had been properly carried out in this case. They declined, therefore, to commit the prisoners for trial. This decision was received with vehement acclamation by a crowd of people outside the Court-house. The Glenbeigh evictions were resumed next day. In most cases the tenants formally ejected were readmitted as caretakers; but one man sullenly refused.



THE RESTORED STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE,
IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

MR. ADAM YOUNG, C.B.

The office of Deputy Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue was resigned, about six months ago, by Mr. Adam Young, C.B., retiring from a long and useful career of public service, in which he had been engaged forty-nine years. The Lords of the Treasury, by an official communication dated Aug 14, testified that he was one of the ablest members of the Civil Service, and one of their most trusted advisers. Those employed in the Excise Department, with which he was chiefly connected, immediately set on foot a subscription for a collective testimonial. They have seen in him the rare combination of a sympathetic and an energetic disposition. Some have had knowledge of the interest he took in efforts to improve the pecuniary condition of the service in times of difficulty and discouragement, and of the earnestness with which, in all ways consistent with his position, he seconded those efforts; how ready he was to advise the relaxation of the more restrictive regulations of the service, as far as compatible with the security of the revenue, so as to remove temptation and make the path of duty more easy. The younger members of the service are encouraged by his example as one who, rising from their ranks, attained and filled with honour exceptionally distinguished positions. A few may recollect how Mr. Young, half a century ago, acquired distinction as a student at University College and gave that promise of use-



MR. ADAM YOUNG, C.B.,
LATE DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF INLAND REVENUE.

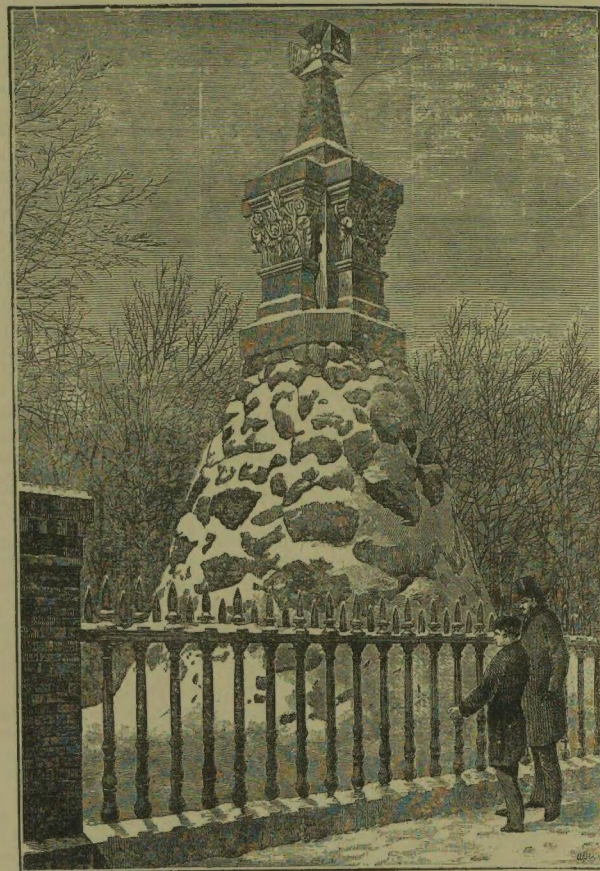
fulness which has since been amply fulfilled. These remarks are taken from the address of the members of the Department, whose testimonial was presented to Mr. Young a few days ago, on the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Inland Revenue Office.

Mr. Young is a Scotchman, born at Dalkeith about 1817; he entered the Excise service there, in his youth, as an "expectant," was transferred to London, studied here at University College, and won by competitive examination an appointment in the Inland Revenue Office, in January, 1837. Having acquired a knowledge of chemistry, he assisted Messrs. Graham, Hoffmann, and Redwood, in their scientific investigations concerning the original specific gravity of beer. In 1869, after rising through different grades of the service, he became Secretary to the Board of Inland Revenue. He was made Deputy Chairman of the Commissioners in December, 1881, and received the honour of C.B., as a recognition of his long services, and especially of the work he had done in connection with the change from the malt tax to the beer tax.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

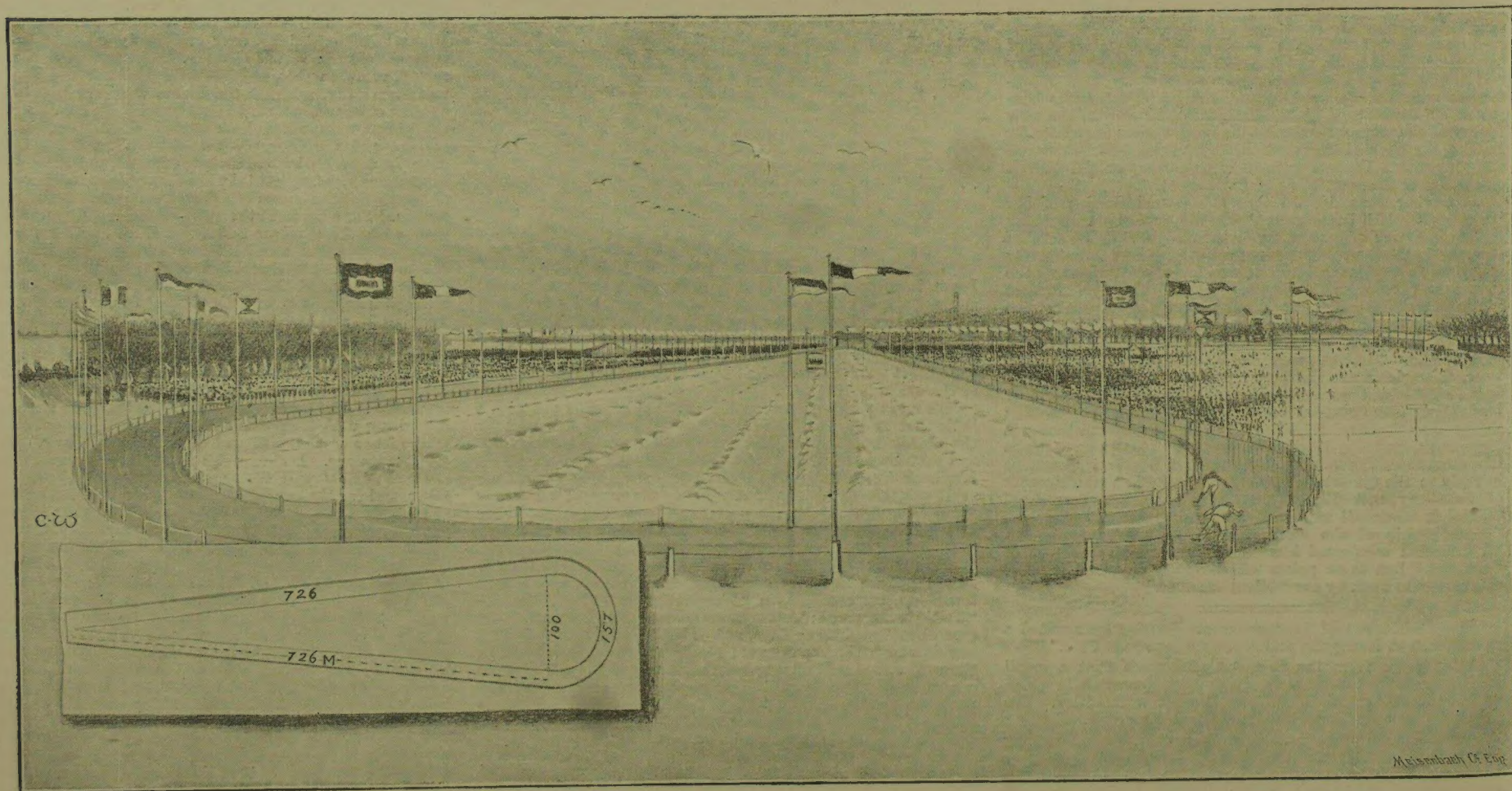
THE ST. PAUL'S QUEEN ANNE STATUE.

In 1712, after the completion by Sir Christopher Wren of St. Paul's Cathedral, a statue of Queen Anne, with supporting lower figures representing Britain, Ireland, France, and America, the work of a sculptor named Francis Bird, was erected in front of the steps to the west door. It has not, since the eighteenth century, been much admired as a work of art, or as a likeness of that respectable Queen, whose reign was signalled by the union of Scotland with England and by Marlborough's victories over the French. It may be remembered, to explain one of the four supporting figures, that our



MONUMENT AT TORONTO, CANADA,
WITH OLD RAILINGS FROM ST. PAUL'S.

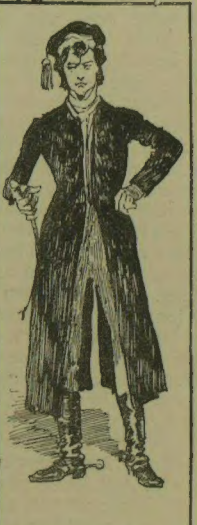
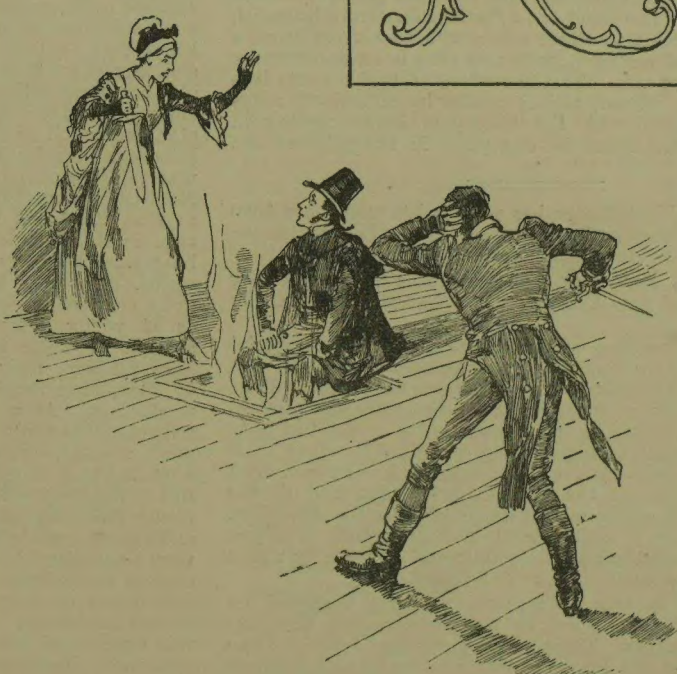
Sovereigns continued long afterwards to be styled King or Queen of France. The City Corporation recently undertook to restore this historical monument, and Mr. Richard Belt was commissioned to model the statues; but he has been prevented from doing the work, and Sir Horace Jones, the City architect, has superintended its completion. The statues are of Sicilian marble, but the Queen's sceptre, Britain's trident, and the bow and arrow of the American Indian, are gilt. The old railings of St. Paul's-churchyard, cast of Sussex iron, at Lamberhurst, in 1714, were removed in 1874, and were purchased by Mr. J. G. Howard, architect, who had emigrated to Canada in 1832. The ship that conveyed them was wrecked, but part of these railings was recovered by divers from the bottom of the sea. Mr. Howard, on the death of his wife, in 1877, erected her tomb, in the form of a Scottish cairn, in High Park, Toronto, near his residence, and surrounded it with the old railing, attested by an inscription on a brass plate. Mr. Howard is still living, in the eighty-third year of his age. We have these particulars from Mr. T. G. Mason, of the firm of Mason and Risch, pianoforte makers, Toronto, whose instruments in last year's Colonial Exhibition were so favourably noticed. He tells us that his friend Mr. Howard bought the railings, as he said to his wife at the time, in fond remembrance of their youth in London, when they "did their courting," as plighted lovers, walking round St. Paul's Churchyard.



THE DUTCH SKATING ASSOCIATION'S INTERNATIONAL MEETING AT ROTTERDAM: THE AMATEURS' RACE—"THE ENGLISHMAN WINS!"



Ruddygore



At the Savoy Theatre.

MOORESTIER

DR. PHO. ENG. CO.

THOUGHTS ABOUT POETRY

There are things very precious to some of us that we shrink from talking about in general society. They touch feelings of which many good and sensible people are unconscious, and therefore men, to whom they are dear as life itself, are silent about them—for "silence is the perfectest herald of joy." One of these things is Love; and the man who talks openly about that to chance acquaintances does not know what a divine and lovely gift it is. The true lover broods over his delight in solitude. When he cannot be with the beloved one, he likes to be alone, because then he is with her in spirit. In the woods he hears her voice; every sweet sight and sound of Nature brings back a look, or a word she has uttered; under the solemn stars or amidst the splendour of sunshine she is alike present, transfiguring every familiar object, so that the very dust under her lover's feet becomes dust of gold.

To some natures, all this is absolute truth; to others, it is sentimental nonsense, of which a practical man ought to be ashamed. It is a matter of feeling, and does not admit of argument. Not that it is a fantasy, but that there are certain minds, well furnished perhaps in other respects, that fail to comprehend it. If all this be true of Love, it is equally true of Poetry. To judge from the books of verse published, there are swarms of poets in the world; but in reality there are very few: for it would seem to be a law of Nature that the most perfect of her productions should also be the rarest. And if the fine poetry that takes the prisoned soul and laps it in Elysium is a rare thing, rare also are the readers who find in it life and food. Some avoid it altogether, and cannot, for the life of them, see why, if a man has anything to say, he should not express it in prose. Others, less painfully obtuse, gain a meagre pleasure from rhythm, but cannot distinguish between the majestic organ of Milton and the soft Irish harp of Thomas Moore; between the plaintive prettiness of Mrs. Hemans and the enchanting music of a Coleridge or a Tennyson. A third set of readers read poetry and prose indiscriminately, and do not know exactly which they like best, or why they like either. They do not care for literature; what they want is amusement: if that can be gained from poetry, it is well; if not, it is well also; and should the writings of every great poet be swept out of existence to-morrow, they would be conscious of no loss. But the man or woman who

On honeydew has fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise,

knows that such a loss would be infinite. To live without Homer and Dante, without Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth, without the lark-like voice of Burns, without the sweet and subtle music of a Shelley and a Coleridge, without our Tennyson and Browning, would be to live a shrivelled, vacuous life; a life that will have forfeited much of its strength, and half its beauty. Truly did Carlyle say that we Englishmen would rather lose our Indian Empire than our Shakespeare; but, happily, no such choice is before us, and the time may come—who can doubt it?—when our fellow Indian subjects will be knit closer to us by the one touch of Nature that in Shakespeare's pages makes the whole world kin.

It is remarkable that England, a land of mills, engines, and railroads, a land of inventors, and of men not particularly conscious of beauty, should stand first in the modern world in the highest of all arts. Since the famous days of Greece, as far as we know, only two master poets have arisen, out of England, whose fame is world-wide. We allude, of course, to Dante and Goethe. But, great as these writers are, is it too much to say that Shakespeare and Milton are more than their equals, and that Shakespeare, indeed, stands at such a transcendent height that not even the noblest poet of ancient Greece reaches to his level? Certes, we have two poets of the first rank, which is more than any other land can boast; and it may be questioned whether Chaucer does not belong also to that level; while but a little below stand Spenser and Wordsworth; and if music were the chief end of poetry, as Mr. Swinburne seems to think, then with them, if not above them, would be seen the form of Shelley.

And what is the use of all this poetry? asks the cynical man of the world, who can discover a deep meaning in the money market, and little, if any, in the voices of a Tennyson, a Patmore, or a Matthew Arnold. Probably, for his own sake, it would be as idle to answer the question as to talk of music to a deaf man, or of works of art to a blind one. But the world, happily, is not made up of cynical worldlings, and to more serious inquirers we shall try and give an answer, which must be short and necessarily very imperfect. We may begin by asking in reply, and surely not unfairly, What is the use of the beauty that shines on us from the eyes of women, that enchants us in every aspect of Nature; the exhaustless variety of colour in vegetation, the splendour of sunsets, the "many twinkling smile" of the sea? Why is the ear charmed by the song of birds, by the happy voices of children, by the stream leaping over the rocks; and why does the sight of that stream, those children, and those rocks fill the mind with pleasure? We cannot explain, perhaps, the repulsion caused by ugliness, or why beauty holds us captive; but there are few people so uncultured as to have no sense, however faint, of the power of loveliness, whether physical or moral. Poetry is the embodiment of this loveliness, in the most perfect form of words, and is written when the poet is raised above himself. In those supreme moments, rhythm is as necessary to him as colour to the artist and form to the sculptor. He, too, has his colour and his form; and the union of these with music makes the perfect whole which enchants all lovers of the art. One use, then, of poetry is to afford delight. There is another. The noblest wisdom is seen by the light of the imagination, and the true poet is the seer. We cannot, neither can he, explain his inspiration; but it is certain that his greatest utterances are not dependent on his will. He cannot command his thoughts: they command him. "Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best," says Mr. Matthew Arnold "is inevitable—as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him." Notable words, which suggest, though they do not explain, that secret power which is the source of poetry.

Moreover, if this art gives us delight and wisdom, it also supplies a soothing power which is of priceless value in the struggle of life. If music "gentler on the spirit lies than tired eyelids upon tired eyes," so do the divine strains of the poet. And they soothe without enervating, strengthening the intellect at the very time they fall like dew upon the heart. Do you doubt this? Then let me ask you to read such poems as Wordsworth's great odes on "Immortality" and on "Duty"; the "Comus" and "Paradise Lost" of Milton; the first book, if you have no leisure for more, of "The Faerie Queene"; any, or almost any, of the plays of Shakespeare. And you can hardly fail to be a stronger and a better man by studying the works of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning—stronger, and yet more sensitive to all-gentle influences and to everything that is lovely and of good report.

Another, and minor, use of poetry is the command it gives over language. The poet himself is always the greatest master of words; but, in his degree, every student of poetry grows in power of expression. Every clergyman and barrister and member of Parliament should study the masters of verse

for this reason, if for no other; and they should read poetry aloud, without which much of its power is lost. How pleasant it would be, in these "Thoughts about Poetry," to talk in desultory fashion of many poets who are dear to us, to quote their words and what they thought of their art, to discuss their merits and defects, to quote some contemporary judgments which should make the race of critics tremble lest they, too, write without discretion, and to speak sympathetically of the men as well as of their works. Some day, perhaps, there may be an opportunity of doing this; at present, with one not irrelevant remark, I must quit a subject that has been barely glanced at.

The reader, and more especially the young reader, should be warned that the study of poetry is not a pastime. There is, indeed, no mental pursuit that demands more severe attention. The poet worthy of the name is not the "idle singer of an idle lay," but a great teacher as well as singer; and thoroughly to understand his verse, it must be studied in relation to that of his predecessors. The range of a poet's thought is wide as the heavens; its scope is the whole burden of humanity; nothing is too small for his notice, nothing so great that it does not give wings to his imagination. And, in its proportion, the intellect of the poetical student should be alike receptive, his heart sensitive, and his imaginative faculty full of vigour. These powers are not original possessions to which a man is born. He must, indeed, have them in the germs; but only after much labour and travail will he be able to apply them fully.

J. D.

HORSE-RACING IN FRANCE.

Since the memorable summer twenty-one years ago when Gladiateur, "a French horse of French-bred sire and French-bred dam," won the Derby at Epsom, the Two Thousand, and the St. Leger—following these, a year later, with the Gold Cup at Ascot—such progress has been made in the science of horse-breeding in France, that any victories won against purely English horses by the produce of French studs have ceased to be matter for wonder. The triumph of Plaisanterie in the Cesarewitch of 1885 is still fresh in the minds of British sportsmen; and many other successes scored at Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, Ascot, and Goodwood have helped to give French breeders of racing stock a high reputation. The history of all this is told in precise detail by Mr. Robert Black, author of a volume, *Horse-Racing in France*, published by Sampson Low and Co., which will be perused with interest by English readers. Mr. Black is too modest in disclaiming either natural aptitude, taste, or inclination for the work he has undertaken. Every page bears traces of diligent labour, applied as only those whose hearts are in their work can apply it, and his method of massing a multitude of facts, so that they never become confusing or wearisome, clearly shows that the author has a special aptitude for this kind of book-making. In its literary style, as a clear, concise, and connected narrative, and as a valuable book of reference concerning the French turf, it has many merits. It is not a mere flippant arrangement of unauthenticated traditions, as many so-called histories of sport are, but a solid array of facts set down in chronological order; not the sort of book, perhaps, that those who run may read with interest, but a volume to be perused at leisure by careful students of the science of horse-breeding, and consulted as an authority on events in which many of the most celebrated thoroughbreds of the last half century have figured.

Mr. Black seems to have thoroughly digested a mass of matter collected by industrious predecessors—a list of whose works he publishes—and to have presented in systematic form all the better elements of each. With very few trifling exceptions the details thus put together with infinite pains may be relied on as absolutely accurate; and Mr. Black must be congratulated on having got through a difficult task with conspicuous success. The early history of horse-racing in France is dealt with somewhat briefly, but the author succeeds in imparting much information about the practices of French sportsmen about the time of Colbert, Minister of Louis XIV. and the introduction of horse-racing as a fashionable pastime through the "Anglo-manie" of French amateurs in the reign of Louis XV. The efforts of these, however, produced no very important results to the turf until thoroughbred sires began to be imported from England early in the nineteenth century. The formation of the French Jockey Club and its early struggles are narrated by Mr. Black with characteristic attention to the importance of details. He tells the story of the "Big Stable" started by M. Alexandre Aumont and Count F. De Lagrange with much elaboration of facts; and in another chapter proceeds to narrate the careers of French cracks up to the crowning victories of Gladiateur and Fille de l'Air. Not an important race in which any French horse has taken part escapes mention, and the name of every French thoroughbred that has gained the least distinction, either in France or in England, is carefully noted, with incidental comments that relieve the book from being a mere collection of racing records, and give it an interest for others than racing men. To the student of turf matters it is a veritable *vade mecum*, and it would be difficult to name any event connected with the history of horse-breeding in France that has not found its due place in the pages of Mr. Black's book.

The Duke of Westminster has promised to contribute £500 a year for five years towards the Queen Victoria Jubilee Pension Fund for poorly endowed clergy in the diocese of Chester.

One day last week, four schoolboys, who had been sliding on a frozen pond near Chorley, were drowned, the ice having broken.

At the last meeting of the committee of the Imperial Institute three sub-committees were appointed for dealing with finance and other matters. To one of these was intrusted the duty of preparing for consideration a scheme for the government of the Institute by the creation of a governing body entirely independent of any existing organisation, which shall be thoroughly representative of the industrial and commercial interests involved, of the Colonies and India, and of the provinces as well as the metropolis of the United Kingdom. The aim is to be so to constitute the governing body as best to command the confidence of the public and of those by whose contributions the Institute is to be founded.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley received a hearty Godspeed on Friday night, Jan. 21, when he left Charing-cross terminus en route for Zanzibar. There the distinguished explorer (who was honoured by the Prince of Wales before leaving England with an invitation to visit Sandringham) will enrol a number of natives for the expedition he is to conduct to the relief of Emin Pasha. It is now known that Mr. Stanley will sail from Zanzibar round the Cape to the mouth of the Congo, and will steam up that river to a point above Stanley Falls, from which he will march to the rescue of Emin Pasha, who is at Wadelai, on the Upper White Nile, north of Lake Albert Nyanza. Some of Mr. Stanley's former officers on the Congo have this week left England for Boma, on that river, where they are to meet him. Mr. Stanley will therefore avoid the dangerous Uganda route from the East African coast.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

So far as I can see, there is only one strong and serious objection to "Ruddygore," and that is its hideous and repulsive title. What could possibly have induced Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan to court prejudice and provoke opposition by giving a gratuitously false impression to their most melodious and amusing work? They number amongst their clients the most refined and artistic minds—good taste is the distinguishing feature of the whole series of the Savoy operas; but such jest as may be hidden in the folds of "Ruddygore" is as far-fetched as it is wholly unnecessary. Fancy the pretty girls and Mikado-mad maidens, the country lasses and clergymen's daughters, who will have to soil their lips with this uneuphonious title! "Have you heard that sweet song out of Ruddygore?" "Some of Sir Arthur Sullivan's most enchanting music is from 'Ruddygore'!" "My darling, have you been to 'Ruddygore'?" Such sentences as these do not sound well; whilst a score labelled "Ruddygore" will not be a very pretty addition to the drawing-room table or the musical portfolio. The horrible word should be obliterated forthwith—burnt out of book and programme, and the opera should stand and be known as "The Witch's Curse," or "Robin," or "Hannah," or "Mad Margaret," or the "Murgatroyds," or "The Picture Gallery," or—anything in the wide world but "Ruddygore." For my own part, I do not think that such objections as have hitherto been taken to Mr. Gilbert's story will injure its popularity in the least, though, from a critical point of view, they are valid enough. The second act, which has been so soundly rated, however it may fail in dramatic effect and come to a lame and impotent conclusion, contains incidentally the funniest ideas, and what will prove the funniest scenes, that Mr. Gilbert has ever written. Excellent, finished, and dramatic as is the first act, it contains nothing so picturesque or striking as the descent of the ancestors from their frames; nothing so complete and admirable as the scene between Mr. Rutland Barrington and Miss Jessie Bond, the reformed Baronet and the restored maniac; nothing more musically delightful than the ballad set down for Miss Rosina Brandram, about the pretty flower and the old oak tree—a song that, I venture to say, will be soon heard in every drawing-room in the kingdom. It is not at all difficult to put one's finger on the weak spot of "Ruddygore," as a play of sustained interest. It suffers as a whole from having a first act so good, so complete, and so finished that there is really nothing more to be said. Such story as there is to tell is told and exhausted in Act I. A climax is arrived at; the curtain falls on a completed drama; all that follows must necessarily be anti-climax; but, unless I am very much mistaken, there is just enough fun, and such a goodly supply of Gilbertian humour in the despised second act that audiences of the future will not understand why objection was taken to it, or what could have caused the signs of disappointment and the audible expressions of disapproval when the curtain fell on Saturday. Provided the æsthetic and artistic world understands as well as theatrical people do a burlesque on old-fashioned and obsolete transpontine drama; provided those who are not quite theatre mad, nor have got stage-on-the-brain can appreciate the caricature of the style of play that virtually died out with T. P. Cooke, and has no counterpart in the melodramas seen nowadays at the Adelphi or Princess's, provided the boys and girls of to-day have learned and read something about the era of Skelt and his penny-plain and twopence-coloured plates, then, assuredly, all will go well with "Ruddygore," for though Mr. Gilbert has not this time attacked or, rather, laughed at any particular craze or mania, he has seldom written a book with more good things in it, or given dialogue with so many good points. No need, indeed, is there to praise once more his versification, which, as usual, is polished until it glitters again. In point of sly satire, nothing could be better than the ballad in imitation of the Dibdin school, called "I shipped, d'ye see, in a Revenue sloop," with its delightful hornpipe finale, danced to enthusiastic cheers by Mr. Lely; whilst the madrigal, "Where the buds are blossoming," and Hannah's ballad with the delicious refrain, "Sing hey! lackaday! let the tears fall free," would do credit to any old-fashioned book of poems. But, even if the book were ten times more faulty than it is, the music that is discussed elsewhere would save the opera. The acting was as unequal as it always is on a first night at the Savoy. Both Mr. George Grossmith and Miss Rosina Brandram suffered painfully from nervousness, affecting the acting of the one and the singing of the other. Robin Oakapple is the strongest and most important part, dramatically speaking, that Mr. Grossmith has ever had to play. In both acts he is the central figure in a striking dramatic picture, and he will have to put out his full force to aid the situation. He has got an excellent idea of the part, and, as it was, came out more strongly than anyone could have believed in the animated-picture scene. The one performance that was quite faultless was that of the wicked Baronet reformed to piety, by Mr. Rutland Barrington. From first to last he understood the part, and made the audience aware that he understood it. It was a bit of admirable burlesque acting as good as Mr. F. Dewar ever did in the old days at the Royalty and Prince of Wales's. Admirable also, and much to be commended, was the Mad Margaret of Miss Jessie Bond, who was as intense in her mad scenes as she was grimly comic in the Quaker duet. And how is it that Mr. Gilbert cannot induce the company to speak as distinctly as Miss Bond and Mr. Barrington do? Except when these two, or Mr. Temple, are talking, it is literally impossible to hear what they say, speaking or singing, without a book of words. This may be very good for the sale of the book—price one shilling—but it is very bad art. It would appear as if young ladies were selected for speaking parts on account of their indistinctness. Miss Josephine Findlay, Miss Lindsay, and many others, should be told to listen to Miss Jessie Bond, and try to imitate her system of voice production. At a school of art like this, mumbling is an unpardonable fault. Girls are taught here dancing, deportment, singing, everything, in fact, but speaking. To require a printed book in order to follow the text, and to be unable to follow the story without it, is the best possible proof of the faulty elocution at the Savoy. Throughout the opera, the audience is nose-deep in the book; and the music is interrupted with a periodical hiss of printed leaves. Mr. Durward Lely's comedy as the Jack Tar was admirable; and the opera owed very much of its success to Mr. Richard Temple and Miss Rosina Brandram. If everyone felt as I did when the opera was over, there can be but little doubt concerning the popularity of "Ruddygore." I wanted, and want now, to see it again. This is the best possible proof that there is varied amusement in the work. I confess that I was never very anxious for a second dose of "The Mikado"; but tastes differ in that respect, for a friend of mine saw the Japanese opera twenty-two times!

Mr. Ernest Warren has brought good luck to the little Royalty with a clever adaptation of "Le Bonheur Conjugal." I must postpone for the present my remarks on "Modern Wives," and the excellent acting of Mr. Willie Edouin, Miss Alice Atherton, and Mr. Lytton Sothorn, who were all seen to great advantage.

C. S.

MUSIC.

THE NEW COMIC OPERA AT THE SAVOY.

The specialty of last week was the new comic opera, written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan—a piece from their associated genius being an event of equal dramatic and musical interest; the great and deserved success of their several previous works of the kind having induced eager expectation for any new essay. The co-operation of the two gentlemen referred to has been a happy coincidence, similar to that of the united labours of Scribe and Auber in their delightful works of the opéra-comique class.

The production of "Ruddygore, or the Witch's Curse" is noticed in the theatrical column of this week, and it is, therefore, only necessary here to refer briefly to the musical interest of the piece, which is quite equal to that of its predecessors from the same hands. The vocal score will not be published for some weeks to come, when we shall be able to refer again to its merits; meantime, we may point to some of the pieces that proved attractive in performance, and will doubtless be permanently popular. Rose Maybud's expressive ballad, "If somebody there chanced to be"; the piquant duet, "I know a youth," for her and Robin Oakapple; Richard Dauntless's robust nautical ballad, "I've shipped, d'ye see, in a Revenue sloop" (with its capital hornpipe climax); the suave love-duet, "The battle's roar is over," for this character and Rose; the spirited trio, "In sailing o'er life's ocean," for the personages already named; Mad Margaret's scena, and ballad, "To a garden"; Sir Despard Murgatroyd's sententious solo, "Oh, why am I moody" (with its interspersed choral comments); the impulsive duet, "You understand?" for him and Richard, the beautiful madrigal, and the several movements which close the first act—are all effective in their respective styles.

In the second (and last) act, the music in the scene of the animation of the portraits in the picture gallery is highly dramatic in its appropriate sombreness of style and impressive orchestral effects. This is preceded by a pretty duet (with chorus), "Happily coupled"—for Rose and Richard; and a refined ballad, "In bygone days," for the former. Sir Roderic Murgatroyd's sombre song, "When the night-wind howls"—with the surrounding choral and orchestral accessories—rises to a dramatic and musical height worthy of grand opera; and throws into strong relief the exquisitely quaint music of the subsequent duet, "I once was a very abandoned person," for Sir Despard and Margaret in their ludicrously altered aspects. The patter-trio for these two and Robin; Hannah's sentimental ballad, "There grew a little flower"; and a well-contrasted finale—are prominent features of the closing division of the work. The principal performers have been as well fitted with their music as with their dramatic characters, the performance of which is noticed in our article, "The Playhouses"; and it must here be said that Misses Braham, Bond, and Brandram, and Messrs. G. Grossmith, D. Lely, R. Barrington, R. Temple, and others, worthily fulfilled the vocal requirements.

There is some bright and tuneful music for female chorus in each act; and the orchestral details, throughout, are rich in colouring and variety of detail. As in his other productions of the same class, Sir Arthur Sullivan has eminently succeeded alike in the expression of refined sentiment and comic humour. In the former respect, the charm of graceful melody prevails; while, in the latter, the music of the most grotesque situations is redolent of fun, without the slightest approach to vulgarity or coarseness—in this latter respect, how unlike some of the French buffo music of the day! The composer conducted the performance on the first night, using, in the scene of darkness (in the second act), a bâton illuminated by the electric light.

Last week's performances included the continuation of the London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall—the eighth of the series having then taken place. The occasion brought forward a new manuscript Violin Concerto composed by Mr. Oliver King, who has been more ambitious than successful in the production of a work of symphonic proportions requiring exceptional powers to realise a higher result than that of merely exhibiting manual skill on the part of the solo performer. Of the three divisions of the concerto, the intermediate movement ("Andante con moto") is the most pleasing. The soloist was Mr. E. Mahr, who played with fluent bowing and fingering, and an agreeable, but not powerful, tone. The only vocal piece was a contralto scena from Herr Max Bruch's "Achilleus," sung by Mdle. Schneider. Mr. Henschel conducted (as usual), with the exception of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to "The Tempest," directed by the composer. The prelude to Wagner's "Lohengrin," and Schumann's first symphony completed the programme.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave the fifth concert of the present season last week, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," and Mr. C. V. Stanford's setting of Tennyson's poem, "The Revenge," were finely performed. The first-named work was very ably directed (for the first time) by Mr. Barnby, the music of Lucifer having been sung (also for the first time) by Mr. Henschel, who rendered it with good dramatic feeling and powerful declamation. The music of Elsie and Prince Henry was, as before, very finely sung, respectively, by Madame Albani and Mr. E. Lloyd; that of Ursula having been expressively given by Miss Hope Glenn. Mr. Stanford's work (for chorus and orchestra) was conducted by himself, and preceded the cantata. In both the singing of the fine choir was especially admirable. At the next concert—on Feb. 9—Haydn's "Creation" will be given.

The Sacred Harmonic Society gave the third concert of the present series at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed, the principal vocalists having been Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. Fredericks, and Mr. Santley; with the co-operation of Miss M. Beare, Madame Baxter, and others. Mr. Fredericks is a comparative novice. He possesses a light tenor voice, not disagreeable in quality, but, as yet, lacking power. This he will probably gain with further experience. Mr. W. H. Cummings conducted, as usual.

At the Popular Concerts, at St. James's Hall, Schubert's octet and Beethoven's septet have been repeated since our last notice; the former on Saturday afternoon, the latter on Monday evening.

A selection from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was given at St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, as a portion of the service in commemoration of the conversion of St. Paul. A select orchestra and an augmented chorus gave impressive effect to the music, the solo portions of which were rendered by members of the cathedral choir. Dr. Stainer conducted.

The anniversary of the birth of Burns was celebrated at the Royal Albert Hall, on Tuesday, by one of Mr. W. Carter's national festival concerts, the programme having included the co-operation of several eminent artists in a selection of music appropriate to the occasion.

The London Ballad Concert of last week (at St. James's Hall) included the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, who met with the usual enthusiastic reception in his rendering of some of his favourite songs—Bishop's "My pretty Jane," Balfe's

"When other lips," and Dibdin's "Tom Bowling." Effective vocal performances were also contributed by Misses M. Davies, E. Rees, and Whitacre, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Venables' choir. Among the specialties of the programme were Molloy's new song (rendered by Mr. B. Foote) "The lads in red," Dr. Mackenzie's "Wee bit wife" (sung by Madame Sterling)—which were encored—and violin and pianoforte solos, finely played, respectively, by Madame Norman-Néruda and Miss Fanny Davies. This week's concert comprised a selection from the works of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

At the next of Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall (on Tuesday evening), Spohr's oratorio "Des Heilands letzte Stunden,"—in its English version as "Calvary"—will be performed. Although, perhaps, not equal to his "Last Judgment," it is a fine work, which has been too seldom heard in this country.

Of the production at Liverpool, this week, of the new opera, "Nordisa," written and composed (for the Carl Rosa Opera Company) by Mr. F. Corder, we must speak hereafter. The work is to be repeated during Mr. Carl Rosa's London season (at Drury-Lane Theatre), which begins on May 2.

The concert announced to be given at Willis's Rooms last Monday, in aid of the special fund for Guy's Hospital, has been postponed to Feb. 22, in consequence of the death of the Earl of Idlesleigh.

SIR W. THOMSON ON THE SUN'S HEAT.

The first of the Friday evening "discourses" of the "before Easter" session at the Royal Institution was given on Jan. 21, by Sir William Thomson. His subject was the sun's heat, its origin and probable duration. The whole question was, as would be expected from Sir William, treated from a physicist's point of view, and while, as he said in the course of his lecture, the chemist and the spectrum analysis student had much to tell us of the sun, he confined himself strictly to those subjects which formed part of his life-work. We can only study the forces of nature as we find them on our earth; but it is fair to assume that these forces are the same all through the solar system. The principal point we have for practical purposes to consider is the radiation from the sun. We have no actual proof that this is constant. There are no records; and even geologists from their study of past-life forms are unable to help. The heat required to produce an organism is an unknown quantity. The physicist has to deal in his work, however, with "dead" matter, and only to calculate the effect of motion, heat produced by motion, and its distribution.

To the poet and the ordinary mortal, the sun is the type of eternity. But the physicist sees he had a beginning and will have an end. He sees in him only a mass of red-hot matter, burning out. We, since Joule's works, have calculated heat in foot-pounds—i.e., a mass of matter falling through a certain space generates so much heat. Or a screw of a steam-ship in work generates so much heat by its revolutions. The physicist estimates heat in this way; but when our ordinary notions of numbers are applied to the sun's heat they become practically valueless, as we do not ordinarily count in trillions or billions, and our usual unit has to be multiplied in that way when speaking of the sun.

In the course of the lecture some relief of laughter was found by the lecturer, in speaking of millions of millions of millions, dropping for the moment one of the millions and correcting himself. His apology for the slip was that our earth unit is so small. To the physicist, as such alone, the question to be solved is, in the light of Joule's theory, What amount of matter, falling, as we call it, or passing through so much air, would produce a certain heat? We have our data laid down with some certainty for our own earth. The numbers when worked out for the sun's heat quite overpower our ordinary arithmetic. It is very important that the physicist should keep his work quite clear of that of the chemist and student of spectrum analysis. Only by keeping each course distinct can we be sure of our own work. The physicists at present can give the sun about 20,000,000 years to burn out; that is, if our methods of calculation are correct, as we suppose them to be. Many interesting points were hinted at as showing totally different results of the laws of nature on our earth as we know them so far from observation, if they do not hold good for all space.

PERSONAL STATISTICS.

The oldest Cabinet Minister is Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I., Lord President of the Council, aged 72; the youngest is the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P., Secretary for Scotland, aged 38. The oldest member of her Majesty's Privy Council is the Right Hon. Viscount Eversley, G.C.B., aged 92; the youngest, the Duke of Portland, aged 29. The oldest Duke is the Duke of Cleveland, K.G., aged 83; the youngest H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, aged 2. The oldest Marquis is the Very Rev. the Marquis of Donegall, aged 87; the youngest, the Marquis Camden (a minor), aged 14. The oldest Earl is the Earl of Albemarle, aged 87; the youngest is the Earl of Guilford (a minor), aged 10. The oldest Viscount is Lord Eversley (who is the oldest Peer of the Realm), aged 92; the youngest, Viscount Southwell (a minor), an Irish Peer, aged 14. The oldest Baron is Lord Cottesloe, aged 88; the youngest, Lord O'Hagan (a minor), aged 8. The oldest member of the House of Commons is the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, M.P. for the Southern Division of the Borough of Wolverhampton, aged 85; the youngest, Lord Henry C. Bentinck, M.P. for the North-West Division of Norfolk, aged 23. The oldest Judge in England is the Hon. Sir Henry Manisty, of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court, aged 77; the youngest, the Hon. Sir Archibald Levin Smith, of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court, aged 50. The oldest Judge in Ireland is the Hon. John Fitzhenry Townsend, LL.D., of the Court of Admiralty, aged 76; the youngest, the Right Hon. John Naish, Lord Justice of Appeal, aged 46. The oldest of the Scotch Lords of Session is the Right Hon. John Inglis (Lord Glencorse), Lord Justice General, aged 77; the youngest, the Hon. John Trayner, LL.D. (Lord Trayner), aged 52. The oldest Prelate of the Church of England is the Right Rev. Richard Durnford, D.D., Bishop of Chichester, aged 84; the youngest, the Right Rev. John Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury, aged 43. The oldest Prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is the Most Rev. Robert B. Knox, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh, aged 79; the youngest, the Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, D.D., Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, aged 52. The oldest Prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of St. Andrews, aged 80; the youngest, the Right Rev. James Robert A. Chinnery-Haldane, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, aged 44. The oldest Baronet is Sir John Buckworth-Herne-Soame, of Ware, Herts, aged 92; the youngest, Sir Stewkley F. Draycott Shuckburgh (a minor) of Shuckburgh, Warwickshire, aged 6. The oldest Knight is Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, G.C.B., the senior Admiral of the Fleet, of Funtington House, near Chichester, aged 95; the youngest, Sir George Hayter Chubb of Newlands, Chichester, aged 33.—*Who's Who in 1887.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

An affected, self-conscious child is happily a rarity; and for this reason, juvenile fancy-dress balls are more pleasing than similar events where grown-ups masquerade in continual consciousness of their costume. The Children's Fancy Ball, which is an annual institution at the Mansion House, is always one of the prettiest sights of the year. This time, the interest has been peculiar and special, for a double reason: it is the Jubilee year, in honour of which a procession was organised of children dressed to represent all the Sovereigns since the Conquest, and certain other prominent historical characters, such as Jack Cade, Wat Tyler, and Jane Shore; and the ball was given on the ninth birthday of pretty little Miss Violet Hanson, the Lord Mayor's daughter. The members of the Corporation subscribed to present the sweet little maiden with a gold watch and chain as a birthday gift; and she received it publicly, with a stately apparent unconsciousness of the admiring eyes turned upon her that was very pretty to see. Queen Elizabeth herself could not have wished for a more dignified representative than the great Monarch had in Violet Hanson on her ninth birthday. The costume worn by her small Majesty at the Mansion House was very complete, and historically correct. It consisted of a bodice and train of that rich material known as silver brocade—a pattern fully worked in silver thread on a white satin ground—with full sleeves of the same, slashed for plain white satin to be drawn through; a white satin stomacher and petticoat, much adorned with pearls and diamonds; a big and elaborate ruff; and a wonderful curled and twisted head of auburn hair, with a Royal diadem set on top, and a "bob" pearl drooping on to the forehead. The train of the Queen of the evening was carried by a page yet smaller than herself, clad all in white satin—flat cap, cloak hanging from shoulder, doublet, trunk hose, and shoes; and in her Majesty's train were Shakespeare, Raleigh, Amy Robsart, and two other Maids-of-Honour, and a small edition of the Lord Mayor of London in his full state robes, cocked hat, and collar of S.S. and jewel.

The greatest pains had evidently been taken with the costumes of all the boys and girls, 150 in number, who walked in the procession. The lads who represented bearded monarchs wore their "property" moustaches and chin adornments with the greatest gravity and patience. Crowns were common objects of the ball-room. Queens evidently found their trains a great bore in the dance, and more than one mother before the evening was over was turned into an impromptu mistress of the robes or keeper of the Royal wardrobe. The Sovereigns and their attendants dispersed amidst the general company after passing in procession, in chronological order, before the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, as they sat in their chairs of state elevated on a dais; and the large proportion of historical costumes thus introduced amongst the crowd made an agreeable variety amidst the ordinary fancy ball costumes. Swiss peasants, Spanish muleteers, gipsies, shepherdesses, Red Riding Hoods, sailors, Louis Quatorze courtiers, and the like commonplace characters of such an occasion, of course, abounded; but there was also much that was novel, over and above the historical dresses of the "Kings and Queens."

The lady doctor is a new figure, and a sign of the times. I noticed three editions of "the sweet girl graduate" present. Miss Maud Cutbush and Miss V. Davies, daughter of Major Davies, were each dressed as the Princess of Wales when she received the degree of Doctor of Music; that is, in white silk damask University gown, with crimson-faced sleeves and hood. Mrs. Fenwick Miller's little daughter Irene was a Doctor of Science, in scarlet silk damask gown, with hood-lining and facings of black silk. Black college caps finished the costume in each case. The daughter of Mr. Addison, Q.C., M.P., Miss Alice, wore a very original dress as Britannia—a soft white silk underskirt, plissé round the edge with silver anchors; an overdress of blue soft silk, embroidered in silver with rose, shamrock, and thistle; a mantle hanging from one shoulder of blue lined with crimson satin, the whole caught in at the waist by a broad silver belt clasped with a lion's head in silver; a silver trident was carried in the hand, and the Union Jack was wrapped conspicuously around one arm, while a silver helmet and shield completed the very striking and beautiful toilette. Master J. Addison was equally richly attired as a matador, in terra-cotta velvet coat and breeches, enriched with gold embroidery and trimmed terra-cotta and gold pompons; gold-coloured soft silk sash, gold stockings and shoes, white satin waistcoat, and white hat. Sir John Gorst, Q.C., M.P., and Lady Gorst, had brought their two daughters—Miss Dollie Gorst as Winter, in white muslin trimmed with swansdown, and icicles of clear glass; and Miss Gwen as Red Riding Hood, in blue dress and muslin bib apron, and carrying the traditional basket of eggs. Mr. Arthur à Becket's son Arthur appeared in the robes of the Mercers' Company as his own ancestor, Gilbert à Becket, Portreve of London in the reign of Henry II. The little daughter of Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., the Solicitor-General, was Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, with "little bells and cockle-shells all in a row" on a cream India muslin dress. Lady Magnay's little girl made a charming young Puritan Maiden: this is a very pretty costume for a child of a somewhat serious aspect. Sir E. Currie's son was a sailor boy in white and blue, and the son of the Rev. Mr. Diggle, the Chairman of the London School Board, was a page in crimson plush.

Mr. Soulsby's daughter Ursula looked very striking, though her dress was all white, as a Lady, after Gainsborough. Lurline (Miss M. Record) had a well thought-out dress: a full skirt of silver-gauze over green, trimmed with a deep-fringed flounce of green seaweeds, intermingled with shells and branches of coral; and a berthe round the low bodice of the same trimming. Air (Miss Hoffnug) was original, too: a white satin skirt, with a windmill, a balloon, and a flight of birds hand-painted on it; a grey tulle overskirt, draped with birds and butterflies, and a square weather-vane with gilded letters and pillars for a head-dress. The White Cat (Miss North) had a dress of white satin trimmed profusely with white fur, and a cap of white fur with pussy's nose, eyes, and ears arranged to form the front like a kind of coronet above the young wearer's brow. A Heathen Chinee (John Knight Bailey) was so completely in costume that he not only had a pigtail hanging far down over his blue mandarin's dress, and long twisted moustaches, but actually had even a shaven head—or a theatrical skull-cap in simulation of it, at all events. A pirate, too, not content with the insignia of his evil profession on his cap and his red jacket, had a horrid skull and cross-bones drawn very perfectly in black on his own left cheek-bone. Miss M. Farlow, as My Lady's Toilet-table, was amusing and original: she was draped in white muslin over pink, and had all the accessories of the toilet set out upon her small figure. Not the least entertaining costume was that of the seven-year-old son of Major Burnaby, the City Marshal, who was dressed as a complete miniature copy of his father, in the elaborate scarlet and gold military-looking official uniform—not a button, not a gold thread, not a tassel being omitted. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are to be warmly congratulated on probably the most successful and novel ball of its kind ever held at the Mansion House. F. F. M.



JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

SEE "THE LADIES COLUMN."



THE FIGHTING IN BURMAH: ADVANCED GUARD OF A MOVABLE FLYING COLUMN ATTACKING A VILLAGE OCCUPIED BY THE ENEMY.
SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER.

OBITUARY.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

The Right Hon. Henry Edwyn Chandos Scudamore Stanhope, ninth Earl of Chesterfield, of Holme Lacy, in the county of Hereford, died at St. Leonards, on the 21st inst. The deceased Earl was born April 8, 1821, educated at Balliol College, Oxford (B.A. 1841), and acted as J.P. and D.L. for Herefordshire. He married, Aug. 6, 1851, Dorothea, eldest daughter of Sir Adam Hay, seventh Baronet; and is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Edwyn Francis, Lord Stanhope, Captain 4th Battalion Shropshire Regiment, J.P. and D.L. for Hereford, born March 5, 1854. The nobleman whose death we record, then Sir Henry Edwyn Scudamore Stanhope, third Baronet, succeeded his kinsman, George Philip, in the historic Earldom of Chesterfield, Oct. 21, 1833.

LORD BAGOT.

The Right Hon. William, third Lord Bagot, of Bagot's Bromley, in the county of Stafford, died on the 19th inst., at 34, Prince's-gardens. He was the eldest son of William, second Lord Bagot, by his marriage with Lady Louisa Legge, eldest daughter of George, third Earl of Dartmouth, K.G., and was born March 27, 1811. He was educated at Charterhouse, at Eton, and at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and succeeded to the title as third Lord in 1856. Lord Bagot was a Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty from 1866 to 1868, and again from 1874 to 1880; and represented the county of Denbigh in Parliament from 1835 to 1852; was honorary Colonel of the Staffordshire Yeomanry Cavalry; and a J.P. and D.L. for the county of Stafford. His Lordship married, Aug. 13, 1851, the Hon. Lucia Caroline Elizabeth, eldest daughter of George James, first Lord Dover, and sister of Henry, second Viscount Clifden, by whom he had two sons and five daughters, of which the eldest son, William, now Lord Bagot, is Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber in Ordinary to the Queen, and late Captain South Staffordshire Regiment.

SIR GEORGE BROKE-MIDDLETON, BART.

Sir George Nathaniel Broke-Middleton, third and last Baronet, of Broke Hall, in the county of Suffolk, Admiral R.N., C.B., died, on the 14th inst., at Shrubland, near Ipswich. Born April 26, 1812, the son of Sir Philip Broke, first Bart., he entered the Navy 1825, became Lieutenant 1833, and in 1840 was made Commander for his services as First Lieutenant of the Wasp at the capture of St. Jean d'Acre. With this rank he served in the Crimean War. In command of the Gladiator he was ordered to the Baltic, and was present under Sir Charles Napier at the attack on Bomarsund, and afterwards joined the fleet in the Black Sea, and was present during the blockade of Sebastopol. For these services he received the Turkish and Crimean medals, the fourth class of the Medjidieh, and in 1855 was made a Companion of the Bath. He reached the rank of Rear-Admiral in 1863, Vice-Admiral 1870, and Admiral 1877. Sir George succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1855, on the death, without issue, of his elder brother, Sir Philip; and in 1860, he assumed, by Royal license, the surname of Middleton after that of Broke, in pursuance of his maternal grandfather's will. The deceased Admiral married, in 1853, Albinia Maria, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Evans, of Lyminster. He has left no children, and as his younger brother Charles left no son, the Broke Baronetcy becomes extinct.

SIR W. C. MEDLYCOTT, BART.

Sir William Coles-Paget Medlycott, third Baronet, of Ven House, Somerset, J.P. and D.L., died on the 8th inst. He was born June 6, 1831, the eldest son of Sir William Coles Medlycott, second Baronet, and grandson of William Coles Medlycott, of Ven House, M.P. for Melbourne Port, on whom a Baronetcy was conferred in 1808. He succeeded to the title at the death of his father, Dec. 23, 1882; and, having never married, is himself succeeded by his brother, now Sir Edward Bradford Medlycott, fourth Baronet, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, born in 1832, and married, in 1869, to Maria Emma, eldest daughter of Sir John B. W. Mansel, Bart., by whom he has a daughter, Lilian Mansel, born in 1872.

SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH, BART.

Sir Joseph Whitworth, first Baronet, of Stancliffe, in the county of Derby, the head of the great engineering and arms manufactory at Openshaw, Manchester, died at Monte Carlo, on the 22nd inst. He was born Dec. 21, 1803, the eldest son of Mr. Charles Whitworth, by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hulse. The deceased Baronet, in 1869, gave £100,000 to promote the training of mechanical engineers. He married, first, 1825, Fanny, youngest daughter of Mr. Richard Ankers; and, secondly, 1871, Mary Louisa, widow of Mr. Alfred Orrell, of The Grove, Cheadle. Sir Joseph having died without issue, the Baronetcy, created Nov. 1, 1869, becomes extinct.

SIR HENRY SMITH.

Admiral Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B., died at his residence in Florence on the 18th inst., aged eighty-four. He entered the Royal Navy, 1814; became Commander, 1828; Captain, 1829; Rear-Admiral, 1855; Vice-Admiral, 1862; and Admiral, 1865. Served actively in China and the Baltic, and commanded H.M.S. Prince Regent during the Crimean War. Sir Henry married, 1844, Anna, daughter of the late Mr. Sylvester Costigan, of Dublin.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General George Alexander Renny, V.C., Royal (late Bengal) Artillery, on the 5th inst., aged sixty-one.

Lieutenant-General Francis Greetham Kempster, late of the Madras Staff Corps, on the 13th inst., at Tintree Hall, Kilsedon, aged sixty-five. He entered the Army in 1837.

served in the Chinese War, 1842, and was for some time Brigadier-General in command at Madras.

Catherine Lady Wilson, widow of Sir Belford Hinton Wilson, K.C.B., on the 13th inst., at 29, Clanricarde-gardens.

Mr. Serjeant Sleight, on the 23rd inst., at Ventnor Marine Hotel, aged sixty-nine.

Adam Gifford, late Senator of the College of Justice, Edinburgh, at Granton House, on the 20th inst.

Augusta Elizabeth, Lady Wrottesley, wife of the Right Hon. Arthur, Lord Wrottesley, and fourth daughter of the first Lord Lonsborough, on the 20th inst., aged forty-five.

Captain James William Kelly, one of the few remaining survivors of the "Charge of the Light Brigade." He served in Crimea with the 4th Light Dragoons, and was engaged in the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman.

Lady Rokewood Gage (Henrietta Mary), widow of the late Sir Edward Rokewood Gage, Bart., of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk, and daughter of the Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk. Born in 1818, married in 1842, and a widow since 1872.

Mr. Knightley Jonathan Wilmot-Chetwode, of Woodbrook, Queen's County, on the 12th inst. at Pau, France, in his fifty-third year. He was son of Mr. Edward Wilmot-Chetwode, by Lady Janet, his wife, daughter of John, thirty-second Earl of Mar. He married Countess Henriette Kalling, but leaves no issue.

The Hon. Thomas Kennedy Ramsay, Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec and Montreal, aged sixty. He was the youngest son of Mr. David Ramsay, of Grimmet, in Ayrshire, and nephew of General Sir James Shaw Kennedy, K.C.B.; was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1852; held the appointment of Secretary to the Commissioners for the Codification of the Laws of Lower Canada, 1859 to 1862; and that of Assistant Judge of the Superior Court there until his promotion, in 1873, to the Supreme Court.

FIGHTING IN BURMAH.

It should be remembered that, for thirty-four years past, Upper Burmah has formed the natural retreat of all who would not accept the peaceful industry and settled order of British Burmah. The lawless residue of the whole peninsula have now to be attacked and tamed in their last lair. When Lord Dalhousie conquered Lower Burmah, it was possible to gradually drive out the lawless elements from it into Upper Burmah. The territories now annexed by Lord Dufferin are four times more extensive than those which were conquered by Lord Dalhousie in 1852, and only slowly subjugated during the eight following years. Instead of being on the seacoast, they lie far inland, are approachable only by a single route, and are almost destitute of roads or internal communication. They are surrounded by wild hill races who from time immemorial have regarded Upper Burmah as their natural prey, and have gained new strength and boldness by their successes during the last miserable years of King Theebaw's misrule. The population is a mere shifting mass, without coherence and without chiefs. There is no aristocracy whose interests can be rendered identical with our own, and whose influence can be brought to bear on the people. Almost every hamlet has a feud with some other hamlet, which it plunders or burns whenever it thinks it can do so with impunity. During the last years of Theebaw these little reprisals could be freely indulged in, and if any of their leaders happened to rise to importance they could purchase immunity from military interference by bribes. A middle-aged peasant of Upper Burmah would consider that his youth had been dull and incomplete if he could not look back to a season or two spent as a dacoit.

The army in Burmah under command of General Sir Frederick Roberts constitutes a force of 32,000 troops, spread over the country. Of these, nearly 25,000 are distributed in Upper Burmah, supplemented by over 8000 armed police; while Lower Burmah retains a garrison of 7000 troops, in addition to its own police. The General in chief command will be assisted by two Major-Generals commanding divisions, and by six Brigadier-Generals. Flying columns, under picked officers, will penetrate the country upon a prearranged plan, but with a wide latitude left to their individual discretion as regards the details of execution. Each flying column has to be so formed as not only to be able to overcome any resistance that can be brought against it, but also to be able at once to follow up the enemy in their flight into the swamps or the jungle. It is, in fact, an army of pursuit rather than of attack. To the whole force of 32,000 the British artillery contribute under 850 officers and men, with a complement of 450 natives. The number of cavalry is over 1500, all distributed in Upper Burmah, and mounted infantry will also be employed. Each party will have a quota of cavalry or mounted infantry attached to it for executing flank movements, and cutting off the retreat of the enemy into the jungle. The British troops, who number 8700, or about one fourth of the whole, will be economised so far as possible for the larger operations, in which serious resistance may possibly have to be encountered.

We present a Sketch, by a military correspondent, of an incident of this kind of warfare, the advanced guard of a flying column to attack one of the villages occupied by the enemy. Colonel Lockhart's force, in Yemethen, has rapidly scoured the country along the line of march, breaking-up the dacoits' strongholds. They had engagements with the enemy on several occasions, killing four Bohs and many of their followers. Colonel Lockhart is throwing out small columns to disarm the villagers, as the presence of a large force causes panic among the people. The daily reports record progress in the pacification of the country.

Four men, stated to be Socialists, were convicted at the Norwich Assizes last week of tumultuously assembling and rioting in the market-place of that city. They were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment.

The inquiry into the fatal gas explosion at Cambridge Barracks, Portsmouth, has terminated in a verdict of accidental death. The jury considered the present system, as laid down by the Government military authorities, for the regulation of gas, very unsatisfactory.

A maritime disaster is reported from China. The Peninsular and Oriental steamer Nepal, carrying mails, came into collision with a Chinese transport from Shanghai. The Chinese vessel was sunk, and a hundred of the soldiers on board, with several mandarins, perished. The extent of damage to the Nepal is unknown, but the passengers and crew were not injured.

The rapid thaw, and the subsequent heavy rain, have caused serious floods in the valley of the Trent. In the neighbourhood of Nottingham immense tracts of land are submerged. So rapid has been the rise of the water that stock has been rescued with difficulty. The lower rooms of many houses in the thickly populated portion of the town known as The Meadows, are flooded. Some of the country roads have been rendered impassable.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The ancient palace of the Odescalchi, which was recently almost destroyed by fire, is one of the historical buildings at Rome, the loss of which would be more than a national calamity. The somewhat gloomy building opposite the Church of the Twelve Apostles is familiar to all who have spent even a short time in Rome. It was originally the property of a branch of the Colonna family; but was purchased by the Cardinal Fabio Chigi, who intrusted its rebuilding to the architect, Carlo Maderna. Under the pontificate of Alexander VII., the facade now existing was added, from designs by Bernini. In 1745 the palace was purchased by Baldassarre Odescalchi, and considerably enlarged; who brought together a splendid collection of pictures and tapestries, and other art treasures, the greater portion of which have since been dispersed. Of its past glories there remained, however, a fair display, and not the least noteworthy were the two magnificent statues in the principal courtyard—representing the Emperors Claudius and Maximinus—which originally stood in the temple of Antoninus Pius—now occupied by the Borsa. The palazzo which so nearly escaped destruction must not be confounded with the other scarcely completed Odescalchi Palace, situated in the Prati di Castello, the work of the architect Fontana, which bears testimony to the survival amongst the Roman nobility of an enlightened patronage of art.

In view, probably, of the not infrequent recurrences of earthquakes in various parts of South America, the founders of the new city of La Plata have decided to lose no time in celebrating their anniversaries. The fourth year of its existence is to be marked by the erection of a magnificent museum of art and natural history. As the country does not produce stone or marble, the building is to be constructed of brick, covered with plaster, which offers a wide field for the imagination of the principal architect, Senhor Francisco Moreno. The ornamentation is wholly borrowed from the ancient art of Chili and Peru, previous to the arrival of the Europeans; the walls are to be covered with frescoes representing the various phases of prehistoric life on the American continent; whilst the grand entrance will be guarded by two Fuegians, specimens of the presumably last surviving type of prehistoric man.

ART BOOKS.

The republication, in a more popular form, of the late Mr. Heaphy's *Likeness of Christ* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) places within the reach of the many a work which hitherto was known only to a few. The author's aim was to find out to what extent, if at all, there existed evidence of any traces of art which could, in any trustworthy degree, be regarded as portraits of Christ. Painting was throughout the first five or six centuries so completely the handmaid of Paganism, that there was little chance of finding a pictorial likeness; but mosaics—designs worked upon glass, metal, and stone, found in the Christian cemeteries—might furnish, if a common type could be evolved, a standard of some degree of value. To these might be added those few remaining pictures on linen cloth, like the handkerchief of St. Veronica; and here and there even pictures, executed in *tempera* on wood. The result of Mr. Heaphy's patient investigations, although they may not carry absolute conviction as to the value of the likeness, is such as to prove that up to the beginning of the sixth century there existed a traditional, as distinguished from an ideal, likeness in the cloth or Veronica pictures, which are attributed to the first and second centuries. That in the Sacristy of St. Peter's, and only exhibited on Palm Sunday, represents Christ almost bald; whilst that at St. Bartolomeo, at Genoa, gives Him a profusion of dark hair. In both, however, the beard is pointed, the nose straight, and the face narrow. In the traces from the Catacombs, chiefly engraven on sacramental and other glass vessels, the same features are retained. Elsewhere we find Christ almost universally represented with dark brown hair, black eyes, and emaciated countenance—emblematic, perhaps, of the Church, still struggling in the dark recesses of the Catacombs, but fixing its hopes and aspirations on the one form which embodied all the sorrows and sufferings of its adherents. Throughout this period, not a single representation of the Virgin is to be traced among the remains of Christian art; and, what is even more astonishing (except in the case of the rude caricature of Alexamenos and his God), there is no pictorial reference to the Crucifixion. Heaphy's work, now edited by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, is illustrated by twelve careful reproductions of the most important likenesses still extant, the majority taken from ancient mosaics, and reproduced in colours with great skill. By the aid of these, and the numerous woodcuts scattered throughout the volume, it is easy to follow the author's arguments and deductions; whilst his treatment of his solemn subject is as reverent as his aim is higher than mere dilettantism.

This year's volume of the *Year's Art*, 1887 (Virtue and Co.), contains several fresh features which will add considerably to the permanent value of this publication. In addition to the usual subjects of information Mr. Huish gives a very complete, and, what is more to the artist's purpose, a very intelligible epitome of the law of Art Copyright. The alternative of Scylla or Charybdis was comparatively trivial when compared with the dangers to which an artist was exposed from the tangled rights and pretensions of the purchaser and engraver of his pictures. With these on two sides, and pirates on a third, it was difficult to see what an inexperienced artist who had unexpectedly hit public taste could do to protect his interests. Mr. Huish's handbook shows him how the law has been altered in his favour, and how he can, with least trouble, take advantage of the benefits which the law provides. We are less confident as to the use of reprinting a complete list of exhibitors at the Royal Academy. Their works have been seen and judged—*Percent et imputantur* should be their epitaph—and, if posterity should show itself anxious to rescue any artist's name or work from oblivion, he has merely to search that sad record of shrivelled hopes and bubble-reputations—the Academy catalogue. We do not understand, moreover, why the Associates of the Royal Academy are not distinguished by the date of their election. Are they like quondam young ladies, who modestly object to have the exact date of their first season known; or like the Peers' daughters who refuse to allow Sir B. Burke to give their ages in his great guide to knowledge? Not the least interesting feature of the *Year's Art* is the catalogue it gives of the numerous provincial museums which are to be found throughout the country, testifying, as they do, not only to an increasing appreciation of art, but a readiness to find the funds to advance art education. Compared with these local efforts, the art of South Kensington and its affiliated jobs is a scandal which demands searching investigation.

The drawings and pictures of the late Mr. J. H. Mole, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, will be sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next. A portrait and memoir of this esteemed artist recently appeared in our paper.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Jan. 25.

There is always something unexpected happening at Paris. The latest strange novelty is that robbery is in course of becoming an accepted political opinion. It may be remembered that a fortnight ago an anarchist, Clement Duval, was condemned to death by the jury of the Seine for having pillaged and set fire to the house of the painter Madame Madeleine Lemaire. The attitude of Duval before the tribunal was curious; he told the Judge that the whole question turned on a difference of opinion; that robbery was not a crime, but an act of restitution, an act of anarchist propagandism, an incident in that social war of which he, Duval, was an apostle. Last Sunday between 500 and 600 persons met at the Boule Noire, Boulevard Rochechouart, to protest against Duval's condemnation, the meeting having been organised by the anarchist group, "La Panthère des Batignolles," of which Duval was a member. The majority of those present doubtless came simply to see the fun, for these anarchist meetings have become a regular item in the Sunday amusements of Paris; but there were many anarchists present, and the speeches were in the usual lawless strain, and often strangely eloquent. One orator uttered words worth meditating. "Since we no longer believe in God," he cried, "is not the earth ours?" The speakers, mostly young and beardless men, all proclaimed the right of the workers to kill and spoliates the rich; and the prevalent cries were "Vive le vol!" and "Vive l'assassinat!" These scandalous anarchist meetings may be still only a ingubrious farce in the capital of a great nation, but the longer they are allowed to continue the more they assume the character of a public danger, as well as of a national disgrace.

The talk is still about the probability of war, and about the fortune of General Boulanger. Yesterday there was a considerable panic at the Bourse, occasioned by sensational telegrams from the English press; but to-day all is calm. The Government has proclaimed once more the certain prospect of peace; and the Press warns the public against an inevitable succession of alarmist reports, necessitated by Bismarck's forthcoming electoral campaign. The position of General Boulanger is becoming stranger and stranger. The Opportunists are accused of conspiring against him; the Opportunists on their side declare that they will never allow a military man to play a political rôle; the *Journal des Débats* finds that the General's Radical alliance smells of the Commune; M. Clémenceau asks the enemies of the General to cease their hostility out of patriotism; *Figaro* intimates that the best way for the General to show his patriotism is to retire; finally, the "Ligue des Patriotes" proclaims the General to be the grand idol and palladium of France: "with such a chief our army can struggle advantageously without any alliance." This war talk, and this continual swelling of the Boulanger bubble, are phenomena well calculated to give the thinker an idea of the ineffable imbecility of French public opinion.

Further imbecility: two foreigners, of vague nationality, German or English it is said, have been arrested at Lyons as spies. They are accused of having attempted to get possession of some cartridges for the new French Lebel gun, which are charged with so-called "progressive" powder. Hence, more patriotic tirades and the evocation of the spectre of war.

A notable item in the French Budget for 1887 is 2,100,000f. for Gabon and the French Congo territory, of which M. De Brazza is Governor. M. De Brazza will start for his post on Feb. 5; and thus, without military intervention, a part of the Congo territory is annexed to France, and the sanguine hope that, thanks to the friendly disposition of King Makoko and to the natural riches of the country, the Congo will become for France a second Algeria—without the military troubles.

The organising committee of the Universal Exhibition of 1889, under the presidency of M. Lockroy, Minister of Commerce, has adopted certain important measures, thanks to which the executive phase of the enterprise may now be said to have begun. A credit of 19,000,000f. has been voted for the construction of the main galleries devoted to machinery and the fine arts. Building operations are to begin at once; and the structure is to be quite ready on Jan. 1, 1889.

French art has lost two eminent men: the engraver, C. F. Gaillard; and Maréchal, the glass-painter. Ch. Laurent Maréchal died at the age of eighty-six. Born at Metz, he came to Paris, studied under Regnault, and acquired great celebrity as a pastel-painter. In 1840, being then known as Maréchal de Metz, he began to paint on glass; his "Apotheosis of St. Catherine" was placed in the cathedral of his native town; and in a few years his painted windows won European fame. At the London Exhibition, in 1851, he won a first-class medal. Now Maréchal's pastels are to be seen in all the great collections of Europe, and his painted glass in the finest cathedrals and churches of France. He was a great artist, and his name will be carried down to posterity by his numerous works.

The statement published on Monday morning by a London newspaper representing war as impending, and stating that Germany would on an early day ask France what was the meaning of recent military movements towards the German frontier, is denied in several quarters, and most emphatically by the French Government. General Boulanger, the Minister of the War Department, declares that not a man or a gun of the French army has been moved towards that frontier. The *North German Gazette* of Berlin publishes a semi-official communication denying the truth of the alarmist rumour.

The Bulgarian question is evidently entering upon a new phase. The Porte has decisively refused to endorse the proposals made by M. Zankoff, alleging that most of them refer to internal questions in which Turkey has no right to interfere. Another conspiracy against the Bulgarian Regents has been discovered by the Roumanian Government. The scheme was to incite the population near Slivnitza to revolt, and with their aid to make an attempt to surprise Sofia. The newly appointed British Ambassador to Turkey, Sir William White, has presented his credentials to the Sultan, who received him most cordially, expressing a hope that the British Government would make proposals that would furnish a solid basis for a settlement of the Egyptian question. With regard to Bulgaria, it is expected that the Great Sobranje will be summoned after the return of the Bulgarian delegates, Messrs. Caltcheff, Grecoff, and Stoiloff, from Constantinople; when the Regency will resign its power, and a Coalition Ministry, consisting of all parties, will be formed. The Sobranje will then be dissolved, and a general election held. This is declared to be Bulgaria's last word; but a Conference of the European Governments, represented by their Ambassadors at Constantinople, is under consideration.

Many Jewish assistants employed by the Russian tribunals have been recently dismissed. The District Court of Odessa has called upon the public notaries to discharge their Israelite employés within two months.

The dispute between the Dominion Government of Canada and the United States Government has led to the Senate at Washington passing, on Monday last, a Bill authorising the President to protect and defend the rights of American fishing-

vessels and fishermen and the trading of other vessels in certain cases. But the retaliatory measures threatened by the United States against Canada, on account of the seizure of American fishing-vessels, are generally regarded in the Dominion as an empty boast. It is pointed out that the imports into Canada from the United States are nearly equal to the exports to the latter country, and retaliation would therefore be as injurious to Americans as to Canadians. The abrogation of the Fisheries Treaty of 1818 had little effect on the trade of Nova Scotia with the United States.

An express car on the Texas Pacific Railway has been robbed near Gordon, Texas, United States, by a gang of eight masked men, who made off with a sum of 10,000 dols. and twenty-eight registered letters.

An Italian company for the utilisation of the force of the celebrated waterfalls at Tivoli has ordered the necessary electric apparatus for the lighting of Rome from the firm of Siemens and Halske, of Berlin. The order for the turbines has been given to Seck Brothers, of Darmstadt.

The New South Wales Parliament has been dissolved on the advice of the new Ministers, who declared, by Sir H. Parkes, the Premier, that they would plant the flag of Free Trade on every hustings.

DEATHS.

On the 7th ult., at Drummond Lodge, Westmoreland, Jamaica, after some months' illness, Mary Elizabeth, the wife of Zebulon Mennell, formerly of Malton, Government Medical Officer, and daughter of the late Thomas Drummond, Esq.

On the 22nd inst., at his residence, 24, Regent-street, after four days' illness, William Westley, in the 80th year of his age: deeply loved and mourned by his relatives, and by a large circle of friends.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1, "Jephthah's Return," 2, "On the Mountains," 3, "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

FAUST.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST, EVERY EVENING, at Eight punctually. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. NEWLY-DECORATED. NEW SCENERY, &c. Success beyond parallel of the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT, which will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT. Doors open at 2.30 and at 7.30.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road). Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available Eight Days. Weekly, fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day. From Victoria 100 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE, VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays, from Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. Fares: Single, 24s.; 28s.; Return, 57s. 4s.; 32s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained—West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill, and Cook's Landmark-circus Office.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the Littoral of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1887, has much pleasure in announcing the Engagement of the following distinguished Artists:

Madame Fides-Devries,	Monsieur Vergnet,
" Mazzoli-Orsini,	" Davicchi,
" Lodi-Bullini,	" Pavolici,
" Repetti-Biolini,	" Tito D'Orazi,
" Franck-Duveroy,	" Talazac,

Who will appear in the undermentioned Grand Operas at the Theatre of Monte Carlo:—

LA TRAVIATA	Tuesday, 1st, and Saturday, 5th January.
LUCIA	Tuesday, 8th, and Saturday, 12th
LA FAVORITA	Tuesday, 15th, and Saturday, 19th
LA SONNAMBULA	Tuesday, 22nd, and Saturday, 26th
MARTHA	Tuesday, 1st, and Saturday, 5th March.
I PURITANI	Tuesday, 8th, and Saturday, 12th
DINORAH	Tuesday, 15th, and Saturday, 19th
ERNANI	Tuesday, 22nd, and Saturday, 26th

GRAND CLASSICAL CONCERTS every Thursday, under the direction of Mr. Steck. Daily Concerts Morning and Evening, with distinguished Solo Performers.

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONACO.—GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES. A Second Series of Matches will commence Feb. 1, and be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, closing on March 8; a Third Series, bi-weekly, commences March 13. Thursday, March 10, and Friday, March 11, the Grand Prix de Cloture, an object of art and 3000f., added to 100f. entrance.

FOX-HUNTING, COURSING, AND SHOOTING AT "CAP MARTIN" PRESERVES.

Cap Martin is situated about mid-way between Monte Carlo and Menton. Also Roe-Hunting, Pheasant, Partridge, Hare, and Rabbit Shooting. For particulars, apply to Mr. Blondin, Secretary of the Pigeon-Shooting, Monte Carlo. MONACO.—Monte Carlo is 35 minutes from Nice, 22 hours from Paris, and 30 from London: it is situated south of the Alpes Maritimes, and completely sheltered from the north winds.

The temperature in Winter is the same as that of Nice and Cannes, and similar to that of Paris in the months of May and June; and in Summer the heat is always tempered by the sea breezes. The walks are surrounded by palm-trees, aloes, cactus, camellias, and nearly all the floral kingdom of Africa.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO. This is continued during all the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.

The following superior first-class hotels are recommended:—The Grand Hôtel de Paris, and the Grand Hôtel des Bains, the Grand Hôtel Victoria, the Grand Hôtel des Anglais, the Grand Hôtel de Monte Carlo. There are also other comfortable Hotels—viz., the Hôtel de Russie, Hôtel de Londres, Hôtel Windsor, Hôtel des Colonies, Hôtel de la Terrasse, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, &c. Furnished Villas, and Grand Apartments, fitted out with every elegance and luxury and others, with less pretensions and suitable to all purses, can be procured.

NICE CARNIVAL, 1887.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17. Battle of Flowers, Promenade des Anglais; First Grand Vigilance, or Masked Ball.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19. Grand Kermesse.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20. GRAND CORSO CARNIVAL. Battle of Confetti, Battle of Flowers. In the Evening, General Illumination, Battle of Flowers, &c. Confetti forbidden.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21. Second Day of the GRAND CORSO CARNIVAL and Battle of Flowers. Distribution of Banners to the best Decorated Carriages.

SHROVE TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22. Last Day of the GRAND CARNIVAL CORSO. Battle of Confetti, Masquerades, Cars, Amusements, Distribution of Banners, General and Splendid Illuminations, Electric Lights, Several Bands of Musicians, Moccobetti, Grand Display of Fireworks—one Bouquet alone with 20000 fuses. Grand Retreat by Torchlight, Burning of Carnival in Effigy. Second Grand Masked Ball of the Committee.

PRIZES. For the best and most Original Cars, 14,000f. For the best Twenty Cavaliers Mounted on Donkeys, 2000f. For Masqueraders on Foot, and the best Single Masqueraders, 5000f.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages: Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty remains at Osborne. The Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Princess of Leiningen (who arrived the previous afternoon on a visit to her Majesty) attended Divine service at Whippingham church on Sunday morning. The Bishop of Ripon and the Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. The Bishop of Ripon preached the sermon. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Princess of Leiningen, and Princess Margaret of Connaught, drove on Tuesday morning to Palmer's Brook, to see the meet of the Isle of Wight Fox-hounds.

The Queen held a Council on Tuesday at Osborne, at which were present Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I. (President of the Council), Lord Stanley of Preston, G.C.B., the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., G.C.S.I., and the Right Hon. Sir William Hart-Dyke, Bart. Mr. Edward Macnaghten was introduced and sworn in a member of the Privy Council. Mr. Charles Lennox Peel, C.B., was in attendance as Clerk of the Council. Viscount Cranbrook, Lord Stanley of Preston, and Sir James Fergusson had audiences of the Queen. Sir William Hart-Dyke kissed hands on appointment as Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

The Queen has consented to visit Birmingham in the course of the present year for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the new law courts in Corporation-street.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at Divine service on Sunday morning at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, conducted the service, assisted by the Bishop of Peterborough, who preached the sermon. The Prince came to town on Monday, and in the evening was entertained at dinner by the Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, Lord Herschell, together with the United States Minister, and other distinguished guests. His Royal Highness, who went shooting at Newmarket on Tuesday, is expected to leave for Cannes at the close of the week, en route to Malta, where the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) arrived from Naples on the 25th inst. The Princess of Wales has been invited by her Majesty to stay at Osborne.

THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.

The twenty-eighth exhibition of sporting and other dogs, under the management of the Kennel Club, was opened last week, on Tuesday, at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, and continued until Friday evening. The number of dogs entered was very large, as there were no less than 1556 inscribed in the secretary's book; but these included absentees and double entries. In nearly all the classes the show was well maintained—bloodhounds mustering 31; mastiffs, 44; St. Bernards (rough and smooth), 80; Newfoundlands, 62; Great Danes, 34; Irish wolfhounds, 20; deer-hounds, 22; foreign dogs, 39; pointers, 56; setters, 115; retrievers, 67; sheep-dogs, 132; bassets, 39; bull-dogs, 48; bull-terriers, 28; spaniels, 101; fox-terriers, 170; dachshunds, 67; Irish setters, 61; black-and-tan terriers, 26; and Dandie Dinmonts, 78; with a fair gathering of pugs, Maltese, King Charles, and other toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds, and toy terriers. Most of them were exhibited in the galleries over the King and Queen end of the palace; but the large dogs, such as bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, wolfhounds, and deerhounds, were placed on the south side of the building, on the main floor, and not up-stairs. There was plenty of space for the visitors to pass between the different rows of animals. The building where the large dogs are collected being well lighted, these magnificent creatures could easily be seen; but it was not so well in the galleries where the sporting classes were gathered together. The bloodhounds were more numerous than usual, and some excellent specimens were exhibited, fifteen of them, shown by Mr. Reynolds Ray, were together in one large kennel at the end of the hall. The mastiffs and St. Bernards were better than usual, and the Newfoundlands and Great Danes formed a grand collection, while Irish wolfhounds appear to be growing in favour. The class for foreign dogs of any variety was especially numerous, and some curious specimens were shown—Norwegian, Finnish, Esquimaux, Siberian, and Chinese, and an Australian dingo. The pointers were good, and there are some useful-looking dogs among them; but this can hardly be said of the English setters, as the prize-winners were nearly all of one type, if not of one breed. There were a few good black-and-tan and Irish setters, and some excellent retrievers, both curly and wavy coated, while the collies were numerous and fox-terriers and spaniels were up to the average, the Clumbers being worthy of special mention. The different varieties of bulldogs, dandies, Skyes, and other terriers and fancy dogs were amusing. Our Artist has sketched a few of the handsome animals, and groups of them, in a variety of attitudes and positions.

Miss Grace Hawthorne, the American actress, has taken the Princess's Theatre on a five years' lease. Miss Hawthorne will enter into possession next May, when Mr. Wilson Barrett's lease expires.

At the Olympic Theatre, the manager, Mr. Edward Terry, gives a matinee of "The Rocket," on Thursday next, Feb. 3, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. "The Churchwarden" has grown so rapidly in favour, that, in addition to the usual Saturday matinees, Mr. Terry will commence a series of special ones on Thursday, Feb. 10, making eight performances a week.

At the Birkbeck Institute on Wednesday evening, Mrs. Scott-Thorpe, of Edinburgh, appeared for the first time before a London audience, as a reciter of Shakspeare. This lady elocutionist made a very favourable impression, fully justifying the reputation she has acquired in the provinces; her delivery was marked by great refinement and keen dramatic instinct, and she displayed exceptional power of memory.

The trial of a curious action brought by Mr. Benjamin Brett against the Holborn Restaurant Company concluded on Tuesday. The plaintiff alleged that he was injured by swallowing a needle and throat whilst eating quail and spinach at the restaurant. For the defence, witnesses were called to prove the virtual impossibility for a needle to have been served in the plaintiff's food. The Lord Chief Justice told the jury that, if they believed this evidence, he should hold that there had been no negligence. The jury returned a verdict for the defendants.

The sale of the materials of the galleries, courts, annexes, and other structures of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition was continued last week on the premises at South Kensington. The purchaser of "Old London," Mr. Humphrey, of Albertgate, intends to re-erect the old street in some convenient spot in the metropolis for the benefit of the Imperial Institute during the Jubilee year; after that it will be preserved as a permanent exhibition, probably on the site of the Japanese Village. The Royal Commission for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition has, on the recommendation of the Finance Committee, instructed the secretary to return to the guarantors the agreements of guarantee, with an intimation that no call would be required to be made upon them.



THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

NEW COLONIAL SECRETARY.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Thurstan Holland, Bart., K.C.M.G., M.P. for Hampstead, who has become Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, is well acquainted with the business of that office, and has shown much administrative ability in other Departments of Government. He was born in London in August, 1825, being the eldest son of that eminent physician and highly accomplished man, the late Sir Henry Holland, M.D., who was created a Baronet in 1853. The late Sir Henry Holland married twice, his first wife being a daughter of Mr. James Caldwell, of Linley Wood, Staffordshire, and his second wife, a daughter of the Rev. Sydney Smith, Canon of St. Paul's, the famous wit and popular writer. The present Sir Henry Holland is a son of the first marriage. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1847; he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1849, and practised for some years. In January, 1867, he was appointed legal adviser at the Colonial Office, and in March, 1870, Assistant Under-Secretary for that Department, this not being a political appointment. He had married, in 1852, a daughter of Mr. N. Hibbert, of Munden House, Herts, but this lady died in 1855, after which he married, in 1858, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bart., sister to the Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan. Sir Henry has several children of each marriage. His political career began in September, 1874, when he was elected M.P. for Midhurst, having resigned his permanent official appointment in order to enter Parliament. Attaching himself to the Conservative Party, under Mr. Disraeli's Government, he was chosen Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and conducted voting operations in the House of Commons with remarkable tact and skill, in a very winning and engaging manner. His ability in debate was occasionally shown while his party was in Opposition, after 1880, and especially in discussing the affairs of the Transvaal and other Colonial topics. When, in June, 1885, Lord Salisbury formed a Ministry, he selected Sir Henry Holland for the office of Vice-President of the Council, with the charge of the Education Department. No one, it is said by those conversant with the work of that office, has been a more efficient, attentive, and agreeable director of its business, to which he returned last July, upon the fall of Mr. Gladstone's last Administration, and Lord Salisbury's present Government being formed, Sir Henry Holland was then elected M.P. for the new metropolitan borough of Hampstead, having contested the seat with the Marquis of Lorne. His election speeches, while finding fault with Mr. Gladstone's Government for its mismanagement of affairs in Egypt and the Soudan, in South Africa, and in Ireland, were distinctly favourable to useful

Reforms; he especially referred to the need of correcting the system of Admiralty expenditure, enlarging the powers of the Board of Trade for the regulation of railways and shipping, and providing a tribunal of Commissioners to deal with private Bills for railways, docks, gas and water works, so as to relieve the House of Commons; for the amendment of whose procedure he recommended the plan of Grand Committees, and that the Estimates and periodical inquiries into the expenditure of Government Departments should go to such Grand Committees. He also proposed a thorough inquiry into the increase of debts of municipal and local authorities, with a view to put some check upon them, and into the mode of local rating. The improvement of the dwellings of the poor in towns, the more effectual inspection

tives of England having been invited to compete. The course was marked out on a splendid track of ice, some way out of the town, at Slikerveer. One of the English visitors was our Artist, who has furnished us with Sketches both of the skating and of Rotterdam, and with the following account of this meeting:—

"Coming, as we did, straight from our own skating championship meeting, the contrast was very great. Weeks before the race took place, preparations were made on a scale that we in England have never attempted. About three hundred men were regularly employed on the ice; stands and wooden houses of a quite substantial order were built on the ice, refreshment-rooms, and a cigar and tobacco shop, made the scene one of a most novel character. The track, which was broad and

of housebuilding and sanitary regulations, the continuance of the Employers' Liability Act, and the encouragement of land allotments for labourers, were objects which he promised to support; and he was favourable to giving the electoral suffrage to women householders. These views have apparently gained for Sir Henry Holland, as a Liberal-Conservative intent on measures of immediate practical utility, the good opinion of many of the working classes; while he and Lady Holland have not spared themselves in the trouble of very frequent personal attendance at the meetings of Hampstead local institutions. His unsuccessful Gladstonian opponent at the last General Election, Mr. W. Ramsay Scott, a few days ago joined heartily in public congratulations and praises offered to "the able, competent, and charming member" for that borough; and said that he, as one connected with the Colonies, was convinced that no Conservative statesman could more worthily fill the post to which Sir Henry has been appointed. The new Colonial Secretary last week officially received the Agents-General of the different Colonies, led by Sir Arthur Blyth, of South Australia, who congratulated him on coming into office; and he expressed his hope of receiving much advice and assistance from them, intimating that this year of the Queen's Jubilee should be marked by a Conference of representatives of all the Colonies, which he trusted might tend to their closer union with the mother country. Sir Henry Holland is also one of the Charity Commissioners of England and Wales.

The Portrait of Sir Henry Holland is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of Brompton-road, South Kensington.

INTERNATIONAL SKATING-MATCH AT ROTTERDAM.

Rotterdam was selected by the executive of the Dutch Skating Association for their annual race meeting. The occasion this year was of unusual interest, to Englishmen as well as to Dutchmen, being of an international character, and representa-



THE DUTCH SKATING ASSOCIATION'S INTERNATIONAL MEETING AT ROTTERDAM: CHAMPIONSHIP RACE OF AMATEURS.

excellently laid out, was of the shape shown in my second sketch. It was staked out, and protected by iron wire-net, and was also beflagged, in a way that made it look more as if there were going to be a Royal procession than a hard-fought race. The executive had suffered severely from the changes of weather. They had from time to time to put off the advertised day of the meeting. The first part of the programme, however, was decided on Wednesday, the 19th; but the ice was in a poor condition, and a great deal of snow-water lay on the track. This had the effect of making the time much slower than it would have been had the ice retained that iron-like hardness which is so dear to the skater. As it was, the skate cut into the ice at every stroke, and seriously marred the chance of making really good time. The Dutch very sensibly made it a proviso that the race should be won by the competitor who made the shortest time—the only way, of course, that a "speed" contest can be settled. All Englishmen will rejoice to hear that once again has the highest honour in athletic exercise fallen to an English Fenman. Mr. Charles Tebbutt won the International Amateurs' Race in the very creditable time indeed, considering the ice, of 3 min. 57 sec. Mr. Tebbutt, who secures the gold medal, is the son of a Huntingdonshire gentleman, and has a brother, Arnold, who also was skating in the same contest. He is well known in the Fens as a strong and skilful performer of true Fen skating. In the English Amateur Championship race, the heat in which he ran was by far the best time recorded that day. His friends believe him to be nearly the fastest skater amongst the gentlemen amateurs in this country; and, although this is the first time he has won an important race, he has several times before been within an ace of victory. His style of skating is as near faultless, from a Fenman's point of view, as it is possible to be: he never loses his stroke, he has great power and endurance, and, as a rule, his races try him very little indeed. Some would dislike his way of carrying his head so low as he does, but this is the way that many, if not most, of the best Fen runners have always raced. The Dutch Association showed every possible courtesy to the English competitors; and it is to be sincerely regretted that the weather did not smile on the meeting, so that it might have been the complete success that they laboured to make it.

We have given illustrations of the meeting in England, where the English Amateur Championship contest was decided.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

A memorandum has been received by the general officers commanding military districts in England and Scotland from General Sir Arthur Herbert, K.C.B., Quartermaster-General of the Forces, which states that the Commander-in-Chief has no desire to interfere with the arrangements that the Generals or commanding officers of regimental districts may consider most advantageous for the better training of Volunteers under their command; but as experience has shown that where Volunteer battalions have been exercised together under proper military discipline greater efficiency has arisen, his Royal Highness considers that where it is possible every endeavour should be made, if extra expense be not involved, to establish brigade camps (of even two battalions only) under the immediate supervision of the regimental district staff. It is considered that it would not be necessary that the encampment should be at the headquarters of the sub district, and his Royal Highness suggests that there are many patriotic landowners who would be inclined to allow the encampments to be made in their parks or on their manors. It is not contemplated that brigade camps should involve more expense than regimental camps, and it should be impressed on commanding officers of corps to exercise every caution not to enter into any scheme which would entail an additional charge upon their regimental funds which they might be unable at once to meet; and it must be understood that no extra allowance will in any case be made by Government beyond the issue of field allowance for regimental district staff officers (not exceeding two) if encamped with the Volunteer corps.

The Queen has consented to visit Birmingham in the course of the present year, for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the New Law Courts to be erected in Corporation-street.

At a fire which broke out on Tuesday in the jute works of Messrs. Butchart and Lindsay, at Dundee, three men were burned to death.

The report of the Belfast Riots Commission has been issued. It throws upon the Protestant mobs the responsibility for the disturbances, vindicates the conduct of the Irish Constabulary, and makes a number of recommendations, including the substitution of the bâton and revolver for the rifle carried by the

Constabulary, the appointment of Stipendiaries to do the work of Justices at Petty Sessions, the reorganisation of the Belfast police force, power to prohibit party processions, and the assimilation of the law in Belfast for obtaining compensation for malicious injury to person and property to that of the rest of Ireland.

Further subsidences have taken place in the Cheshire salt district. In the neighbourhood of Northwich, Witton Brook has now expanded into a lake hundreds of acres in extent. At Dunkirk, close to the town, a large area is subsiding at the rate of one foot per week. In the town of Northwich, one of the main thoroughfares has been planked over with heavy timber, in consequence of the frequent and sudden landslips within the past few days.

The receipts on account of Revenue from April 1, 1886, when there was a balance of £5,625,944, to Jan. 22, 1887, were £66,738,551, against £65,053,492 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £4,993,207. The net expenditure was £72,818,048, against £71,464,481 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on Jan. 22, 1887, amounted to £1,792,266, and at the same date in 1886 to £1,519,752.

In London, last week, 2655 births and 1757 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 227 and the deaths 178 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The annual death-rate per 1000 from all causes, which had been 26.3 and 23.0 in the two preceding weeks, further declined last week to 21.8. During the first three weeks of the current quarter the death-rate averaged 23.7 per 1000, and exceeded by 0.1 the mean rate in the corresponding periods of the ten years 1877-86.

A Greek, who has arrived at Suakim from Khartoum, via Kassala and Massowah, says that Abdulla Khalifa has been proclaimed Sultan at Khartoum, and that his army is estimated to number 300,000. The Arabs, he says, have no intention of marching against Egypt if they are not molested. Lupton Bey and a German officer escaped from the massacre of Hicks Pasha's army, and are in the rebel service, with many of the Egyptian soldiers. Steamers are running on the Nile, trade is flourishing, and provisions are plentiful. There are large stocks of gum and ivory; but cotton stuffs are scarce, and are sold at fabulous prices.

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DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

"Dona Leonor—so; that is good," said Dona Isabel, clapping her hands like a child.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.*

BY BRET HARTE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

It was evident that the two strangers represented some exalted military and ecclesiastical authority. This was shown in their dress—a long-forgotten, half-medieval costume, that to the imaginative spectator was perfectly in keeping with their mysterious advent, and to the more practical as startling as a masquerade. The foremost figure wore a broad-brimmed hat of soft felt, with tarnished gold lace, and a dark feather tucked in its recurved flap; a short cloak of fine black cloth thrown over one shoulder left a buff leathern jacket and breeches ornamented with large, round silver buttons, exposed until they were met by high boots of untanned yellow buckskin that reached half-way up the thigh. A broad baldric of green silk hung from his shoulder across his breast, and supported at his side a long sword with an enormous basket hilt, through which somewhat coquettishly peeped a white lace handkerchief. Tall and erect, in spite of the grizzled hair and iron-grey moustaches and wrinkled face of a man of sixty, he suddenly halted on the deck with a military precision that made the jingling chains and bits of silver on his enormous spurs ring again. He was followed by an ecclesiastic of apparently his own age, but smoothly shaven, clad in a black silk *sotana* and sash, and wearing the old-fashioned oblong, curled brimmed hat sacred to "Don Basilio," of the modern opera. Behind him appeared the genial face of Señor Perkins, shining with the benignant courtesy of a master of ceremonies.

"If this is a fair sample of the circus ashore, I'll take two tickets," whispered Crosby, who had recovered his audacity.

"I have the inexpressible honour," said Señor Perkins to Captain Bunker, with a gracious wave of his hand towards the extraordinary figures, "to present you to the illustrious Don Miguel Briones, Comandante of the Presidio of Todos Santos,

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at present hidden in the fog, and the very reverend and pious Padre Esteban, of the mission of Todos Santos, likewise invisible. When I state to you," he continued, with a slight lifting of his voice, so as to include the curious passengers in his explanation, "that, with very few exceptions, this is the usual condition of the atmosphere at the entrance to the mission and Presidio of Todos Santos, and that the last exception took place thirty-five years ago, when a ship entered the harbour, you will understand why these distinguished gentlemen have been willing to waive the formality of your waiting upon them first, and have taken the initiative. The illustrious Comandante has been generous enough to exempt you from the usual port regulations, and to permit you to wood and to water."

"What port regulation is he talking of?" asked Captain Bunker, testily.

"The Mexican regulations forbidding any foreign vessel to communicate with the shore," returned Señor Perkins, deprecatingly.

"Never heard of 'em. When were they given?"

The Señor turned and addressed a few words to the commander, who stood apart in silent dignity.

"In 1792."

"In what? . . . Is he mad?" said Bunker. "Does he know what year this is?"

"The illustrious commander believes it to be the year of grace, 1851," answered Señor Perkins quietly. "In the case of the only two vessels who have touched here since 1792 the order was not carried out because they were Mexican coasters. The illustrious Comandante explains that the order he speaks of as on record distinctly referred to the ship 'Columbia,' which belonged to the General Washington."

"General Washington!" echoed Bunker, angrily, staring at the Señor. "What's this stuff? Do you mean to say they don't know any history later than our old Revolutionary War? Haven't they heard of the United States among them? Nor California—that we took from them during the late war?"

"Nor how we licked 'em out of their boots; and that's

saying a good deal," whispered Crosby, glancing at the Comandante's feet.

Señor Perkins raised a gentle, deprecating hand. "For fifty years the Presidio and the Mission of Todos Santos have had but this communication with the outer world," he said, blandly. "Hidden by impenetrable fogs from the ocean pathway at their door; cut off by burning and sterile deserts from the surrounding country, they have preserved a trust and propagated a faith in enforced but not unhappy seclusion. The wars that have shaken mankind, the dissensions that have even disturbed the serenity of their own nation on the mainland, have never reached them here. Left to themselves, they have created a blameless Arcadia and an ideal community within an extent of twenty square leagues. Why should we disturb their innocent complacency and tranquil enjoyment by information which cannot increase and might impair their present felicity? Why should we dwell upon a late political and international episode which, while it has been a benefit to us, has been a humiliation to them as a nation, and which might not only imperil our position as guests, but interrupt our practical relations to the wood and water, with which the country abounds?"

He paused, and, before the captain could speak, turned to the silent Commander, addressed him in a dozen phrases of fluent and courteous Spanish, and once more turned to Captain Bunker. "I have told him you are touched to the heart with his courtesy, which you recognise as coming from the fit representative of the great Mexican nation. He reciprocates your fraternal emotion, and begs you to consider the Presidio and all that it contains at your disposition and the disposition of your friends—the passengers, particularly those fair ladies," said Señor Perkins, turning with graceful promptitude towards the group of lady passengers, and slightly elevating himself on tips of his neat boots, "whose white hands he kisses, and at whose feet he lays the devotion of a Mexican caballero and officer."

He waved his hand towards the Comandante, who, stepping forward, swept the deck with his plumed hat before each

(Continued on page 129.)

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hands and complexion

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of the ladies in solemn succession. Recovering himself, he bowed more stiffly to the male passengers, picked his handkerchief out of the hilt of his sword, gracefully wiped his lips, pulled the end of his long grey moustache, and became again rigid.

"The reverend father," continued Señor Perkins, turning towards the priest, "regrets that the rules of his order prevent his extending the same courtesy to these ladies at the Mission. But he hopes to meet them at the Presidio, and they will avail themselves of his aid and counsel there and everywhere."

Father Esteban, following the speaker's words with a gracious and ready smile, at once moved forward among the passengers, offering an antique snuff-box to the gentlemen or passing before the ladies with slightly uplifted benedictory palms and a caressing paternal gesture. Mrs. Brimmer, having essayed a French sentence, was delighted and half-frightened to receive a response from the ecclesiastic, and speedily monopolised him until he was summoned by the Commander to the returning boat.

"A most accomplished man, my dear," said Mrs. Brimmer, as the Excelsior's cannon again thundered after the retiring oars, "like all of his order. He says, although Don Miguel does not speak French, that his secretary does; and we shall have no difficulty in making ourselves understood."

"Then you really intend to go ashore?" said Miss Keene, timidly.

"Decidedly," returned Mrs. Brimmer, potentially. "It would be most unpolite, not to say insulting, if we did not accept the invitation. You have no idea of the strictness of Spanish etiquette. Besides, he may have heard of Mr. Brimmer."

"As his last information was only up to 1792, he might have forgotten it," said Crosby, gravely. "So perhaps it would be safer to go on the general invitation."

"As Mr. Brimmer's ancestors came over on the Mayflower, long before 1792, it doesn't seem so very impossible, if it comes to that," said Mrs. Brimmer, with her usual unanswerable naïveté; "provided always that you are not joking, Mr. Crosby. One never knows when you are serious."

"Mrs. Brimmer is quite right, we must all go. This is no mere formality," said Señor Perkins, who had returned to the ladies. "Indeed, I have myself promised the Comandante to bring you," he turned towards Miss Keene, "if you will permit Mrs. Markham and myself to act as your escort. It was Don Miguel's express request."

A slight flush of pride suffused the cheek of the young girl, but the next moment she turned diffidently towards Mrs. Brimmer. "We must all go together," she said; "shall we not?"

"You see, your triumphs have begun already," said Brace, with a nervous smile. "You need no longer laugh at me for predicting your fate in San Francisco."

Miss Keene cast a hurried glance around her, in the faint hope—she scarcely knew why—that Mr. Hurlstone had overheard the Señor's invitation; nor could she tell why she was disappointed at not seeing him. But he had not appeared on deck during the presence of their strange visitors; nor was he in the boat which half an hour later conveyed her to the shore. He must have either gone in one of the other boats, or fulfilled his strange threat of remaining on the ship.

The boats pulled away together towards the invisible shore, piloted by Captain Bunker, the first officer, and Señor Perkins in the foremost boat. It had grown warmer, and the fog that stole softly over them, touched their faces with the tenderness of caressing fingers. Miss Keene, wrapped up in the sternsheets of the boat, gave way to the dreamy influence of this weird procession through the water, retaining only perception enough to be conscious of the singular illusions of the mist that alternately thickened and lightened before their bow. At times it seemed as if they were driving full upon a vast pier or breakwater of cold grey granite, that, opening to let the foremost boat pass, closed again before them; at times it seemed as if they had diverged from their course and were once more upon the open sea, the horizon a far-off line of vanishing colour, at times, faint lights seemed to pierce the gathering darkness, or to move like will-o'-wisp across the smooth surface, when suddenly the keel grated on the sand. A narrow, but perfectly well defined strip of palpable strand appeared before them; they could faintly discern the moving lower limbs of figures whose bodies were still hidden in the mist; then they were lifted from the boats; the first few steps on dry land carried them out of the fog that seemed to rise like a sloping roof from the water's edge, leaving them under its canopy in the full light of actual torches held by a group of picturesquely dressed people, before the vista of a faintly-lit, narrow, ascending street. The dim twilight of the closing day lingered under this roof of fog, which seemed to hang scarcely a hundred feet above them, and showed a wall or rampart of brown adobe on their right that extended nearly to the water; to the left, at the distance of a few hundred yards, another low brown wall appeared; above it rose a fringe of foliage, and, more distant and indistinct, two white towers that were lost in the nebulous grey.

One of the figures dressed in green jackets, who seemed to be in authority, now advanced, and, after a moment's parley with Señor Perkins while the Excelsior's passengers were being collected from the different boats, courteously led the way along the wall of the fortification. Presently a low opening or gateway appeared, followed by the challenge of a green-jacketed sentry, and the sentence "*Dios y Libertad*." It was repeated in the interior of a dusky courtyard, surrounded by a low corridor, where a dozen green-jacketed men of aboriginal type and complexion, carrying antique flintlocks, were drawn up as a guard of honour.

"The Comandante," said Señor Perkins, "directs me to extend his apologies to the Señor Capitano Bunker for withholding the salute which is due alike to his country, himself, and his fair company; but fifty years of uninterrupted peace, and a fog have left his cannon inadequate to polite emergencies, and firmly fixed the tampion of his saluting gun. But he places the Presidio at your disposition; you will be pleased to make its acquaintance while it is still light; and he will await you in the guard-room."

Left to themselves, the party dispersed like dismissed school-children through the court-yard and corridors, and in the enjoyment of their release from a month's confinement on ship-board stretched their cramped limbs over the ditches, walls, and parapets, to the edge of the glacis.

Everywhere a ruin that was picturesque, a decay that was refined and gentle, a neglect that was graceful, met the eye; the sharp exterior and re-entering angles were softly rounded and obliterated by overgrowths of semi-tropical creepers; the abbatis was filled by a natural brake of scrub-oak and manzanita; the clematis flung its long scaling ladders over the escarpment, until Nature, slowly but securely investing the doomed fortress, had lifted a victorious banner of palm from the conquered summit of the citadel! Some strange convulsions of the earth had completed the victory; the barbettes of carved and antique bronze commemorating fruitless and long-forgotten triumphs were dismounted; one turned in the cheeks of its carriage had a trunnion raised piteously in

the air like an amputated stump; another, sinking through its rotting chasses, had buried itself to its chase in the crumbling adobe wall. But above and beyond this gentle chaos of defence stretched the real ramparts and escarpments of Todos Santos—the impenetrable and unassailable fog! Corroding its brass and iron with saline breath, rotting its wood with unending shadow, sapping its adobe walls with perpetual moisture, and nourishing the obliterating vegetation with its quickening blood, as if laughing to scorn the puny embattlements of men—it still bent around the crumbling ruins the tender grace of an invisible but all-encompassing arm.

Señor Perkins, who had acted as cicerone to the party, pointed out these various mutations with no change from his usual optimism. "Protected by their peculiar isolation during the late war, there was no necessity for any real fortification of the place. Nevertheless, it affords some occupation and position for our kind friend, Don Miguel, and so serves a beneficial purpose. This little gun," he continued, stopping to attentively examine a small but beautifully carved bronze six-pounder, which showed indications of better care than the others, "seems to be the saluting-gun Don Miguel spoke of. For the last fifty years it has spoken only the language of politeness and courtesy, and yet through want of care the tampion, as you see, has become swollen and choked in its mouth."

"How true in a larger sense," murmured Mrs. Markham, "the habit of courtesy alone preserves the fluency of the heart."

"I know you two are saying something very clever," said Mrs. Brimmer, whose small French slippers and silk stockings were beginning to show their inadequacy to a twilight ramble in the fog, "but I am so slow, and I never catch the point. Do repeat it slowly."

"The Señor was only showing us how they managed to shut up a smooth bore in this country," said Crosby, gravely. "I wonder when we're going to have dinner. I suppose old Don Quixote will trot out some of his Señoritas. I want to see those choir girls that sang so stunningly a while ago."

"I suppose you mean the boys—for they're all boys in the Catholic choir—but then, perhaps you are joking again. Do tell me if you are, for this is really amusing. I may laugh—mayn't I?" As the discomfited humourist fell again to the rear amidst the laughter of the others, Mrs. Brimmer continued naively to Señor Perkins, "Of course, as Don Miguel is a widower, there must be daughters or sisters-in-law who will meet us. Why, the priest you know—even he—must have nieces. Really, it's a serious question—if we are to accept his hospitality in a social way. Why don't you ask him?" she said, pointing to the green-jacketed subaltern who was accompanying them.

Señor Perkins looked half embarrassed. "Repeat your question, my dear lady, and I will translate it."

"Ask him if there are any women at the Presidio."

Señor Perkins drew the subaltern aside. Presently he turned to Mrs. Brimmer. "He says there are four: the wife of the baker, the wife of the saddler, the daughter of the trumpeter, and the niece of the cook."

"Good Heavens! we can't meet them," said Mrs. Brimmer.

Señor Perkins hesitated. "Perhaps I ought to have told you," he said, blandly, "that the old Spanish notions of etiquette are very strict. The wives of the officials and higher classes do not meet strangers on a first visit unless they are well known."

"That isn't it," said Winslow, joining them, excitedly. "I've heard the whole story. It's a good joke. Banks has been bragging about us all, and saying that these ladies had husbands who were great merchants, and, as these chaps consider that all trade is vulgar, you know, they believe we are not fit to associate with their women, don't you see? All, except one—Miss Keene. She's considered all right. She's to be introduced to the Commander's women, and to the sister of the Alcalde."

"She will do nothing of the kind," said Miss Keene, indignantly. "If these ladies are not to be received with me, we'll all go back to the ship together."

She spoke with a quick and perfectly unexpected resolution and independence, so foreign to her usual child-like half dependent character, that her hearers were astounded. Señor Perkins gazed at her thoughtfully; Brace, Crosby, and Winslow, admiringly; her sister passengers with doubt and apprehension. "There must be some mistake," said Señor Perkins, gently. "I will inquire."

He was absent but a few moments. When he returned, his face was beaming. "It's a ridiculous misapprehension. Our practical friend, Banks, in his zealous attempts to impress the Comandante's secretary, who knows a little English, with the importance of Mr. Brimmer's position as a large commission merchant, has, I fear, conveyed only the idea that he was a kind of pawnbroker; while Mr. Markham's trade in hides has established him as a tanner; and Mr. Banks's own floor speculations, of which he is justly proud, have been misinterpreted by him as the work of a successful baker!"

"And what idea did he convey about you," asked Crosby, audaciously; "it might be interesting to us to know, for our own satisfaction."

"I fear they did not do me the honour to inquire," replied Señor Perkins, with imperturbable good humour; "there are some persons, you know, who carry all their worldly possessions palpably about with them. I am one of them. Call me a citizen of the world, with a strong leniency towards young and struggling nationalities; a traveller, at home anywhere; a delighted observer of all things, an admirer of brave men, the devoted slave of charming women—and you have, in one word, a passenger of the good ship Excelsior."

For the first time, Miss Keene noticed a slight irony in Señor Perkins' superabundant fluency, and that he did not conceal his preoccupation over the silent saluting gun he was still admiring. The approach of Don Miguel and Padre Esteban with a small bevy of ladies, however, quickly changed her thoughts, and detached the Señor from her side. Her first swift feminine impression of the fair strangers was that they were plain and dowdy, an impression fully shared by the other lady passengers. But her second observation, that they were more gentle, fascinating, child-like, and feminine than her own countrywomen, was purely her own. Their loose, undulating figures, guiltless of stays; their extravagance of short, white, heavily flounced skirt, which looked like a petticoat; their lightly wrapped, formless, and hooded shoulders and heads, lent a suggestion of dishabille that Mrs. Brimmer at once resented. "They might, at least, have dressed themselves," she whispered to Mrs. Markham.

"I really believe," returned Mrs. Markham, "they've got no bodices on!"

The introductions over, a polyglot conversation ensued in French by the Padre and Mrs. Brimmer, and in broken English by Miss Chubb, Miss Keene, and the other passengers with the Commander's secretary, varied by occasional scraps of college Latin from Mr. Crosby, the whole aided by occasional appeals to Señor Perkins. The darkness increasing, the party re-entered the courtyard and, passing

through the low studded guard-room, entered another corridor, which looked upon a second court, inclosed on three sides, the fourth opening upon a broad plaza, evidently the public resort of the little town. Encompassing this open space, a few red-tiled roofs could be faintly seen in the gathering gloom. Chocolate and thin spiced cakes were served in the verandah, pending the preparations for a more formal banquet. Already Miss Keene had been singled out from her companions for the special attentions of her hosts, male and female, to her embarrassment and confusion. Already Doña Isabel, the sister of the Alcalde, had drawn her aside, and, with caressing frankness, had begun to question her in broken English.

"But Miss Keene is no name. The Doña Keene is of nothing."

"Well, you may call me Eleanor, if you like," said Miss Keene, smiling.

"Doña Leonor—so; that is good," said Doña Isabel, clapping her hands like a child. "But how are you?"

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Keene, greatly amused. "but I don't understand."

"Ah, Caramba! What are you, little one?" Seeing that her guest still looked puzzled, she continued, "Ah! Mother of God! Why are your friends so polite to you? Why does everyone love you so?"

"Do they? Well," stammered Miss Keene, with one of her rare, dazzling smiles, and her cheeks girlishly rosy with naïve embarrassment, "I suppose they think I'm pretty."

"Pretty! Ah, yes, you are!" said Doña Isabel, gazing at her seriously. "But it is not a little that."

"What is it, then?" asked Miss Keene, demurely.

"You are a—a—Dama de Grandeza!"

(To be continued.)

THE TROOPER'S HORSE.

It needs an effort of the imagination, with some appreciation of the manifold changes in English social life and manners during nearly two centuries and a half since the Civil Wars between King Charles and the Parliament, to fancy the disturbed condition of our country while that obstinate military struggle was continued, shifting its scene and breaking out afresh in different counties, from the Midlands to the West, to the East, and to the North. Beginning at Edgehill, the first battle in 1642, it went on to Marston Moor, July 3, 1644, with two important encounters at Newbury, and with numerous sieges of provincial towns, including Bristol, ending in the crowning victory of Naseby, June 14, 1645. Another war, six years later, in the name of Charles II., resulted in his defeat at Worcester, Sept. 3, 1651; by which time, not to speak of Ireland and Scotland, thirty or forty battle-fields in England had been drenched with English blood. It was chiefly that of militia and yeomanry, under their local commanders, rallying to the standards of the Earls of Manchester and Essex, of Lords Holland and Brooke, of Sir William Waller, the Fairfaxes, and Cromwell; or to those, on the King's side, of Prince Rupert, the Marquises of Newcastle, Worcester, and Hertford, Lord Goring, and others. England must at that time have experienced to the full all the bitterness of internal strife, in the hostile relations between neighbours and families, and in heavy private as well as public losses; but seldom in history was any great Civil War attended with so little wanton cruelty. It is probable that, among simple rustic folk of the labouring classes, imperfectly aware of the political and ecclesiastical controversies of the time, an amazed sense of wonder, mingled with regret, was more prevalent than fierce party spirit. Quiet people of a country village, two hundred miles from London, when neither railways, telegraphs, nor newspapers existed to convey intelligence of contemporary affairs, may have heard vague rumours that the King and some Lords were fighting with the Lords of Parliament, but they knew not why or wherefore; and were, perhaps, reminded of old stories of the fighting between the houses of York and Lancaster, some two centuries before. It did not seem, at first, to make very much difference in their remote and secluded parish life; but, one summer day, they were told of the movements of armies, which some traveller had seen approaching the county town; on the Monday, perhaps, a troop of "Ironsides," clad in buff leather jerkins, with steel morions on their heads, armed with pistols and long swords, rode through the village street; a few hours later came a gallant cavalier officer, in glittering corslet and plumed helmet, with his mounted soldiers, to inquire about the enemy, and speedily rode away. There was a camp here and a camp there, with a great stir all round, but it was best for them to sit still. On the Thursday, we may suppose, these villagers got the startling news that a battle had been fought on Blackdown Hill, ten miles distant, where King Charles's party had got the worst of it, and several thousand men had been killed. Somebody that evening went along the road, and found a horse, with a military saddle and holsters, standing beside the hedge. Near this poor tired beast lay the corpse of a fugitive soldier, who had dropped off the saddle, dying of his wound. The horse was taken to the village pound; his rider was charitably buried.

REWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.

The Royal Humane Society have recently bestowed rewards upon the undermentioned persons:—

The silver medal to W. McKeen, boatman, for assisting in saving the captain and ten of the crew of the Russian barque Joutsen, at Dover, on the 27th ult., during a heavy gale.

The bronze medal has been awarded to Colonel A. E. England, late Royal Horse Artillery, for saving, at great personal risk, Mrs. Whitworth, who, while hunting with the Heythrop hounds, was in great danger of losing her life in consequence of her horse shying and falling backwards into the canal at Somerton, Oxfordshire, on the 1st ult.; also to Captain E. Holmes, 45th Sikhs, who assisted Captain McRae in the rescue of a trumpeter of the Royal Artillery, who fell down a well 88 ft. deep at Rawul Pindi; to J. Bacon, a boy of fourteen, for plunging into 8 ft. of water at Port Stewart Harbour, county Derry, and saving a child named Turbitt; to W. Gibson, for breaking through the ice on a pond at Westhoughton, near Bolton, on the 3rd inst., and saving a lad named Hodgkinson; to J. Martin, of the Coastguard, for saving J. Garmon, who, with two other persons (drowned), was thrown into the sea by the capsizing of a boat at Pwllgwaelod, Dinas, Pembrokeshire, on the 8th ult.; to T. Risley, for saving E. E. Cooper, aged nine, who fell into the river at Godmanchester, Hunts; to J. Dunn, for breaking through the ice on a pond, 8 ft. deep, at Mosley, on the 27th ult., and saving one of two boys who had fallen in; to W. Lucitt, of her Majesty's ship Hyacinth, for saving J. H. Taylor, of the same ship, who fell into the sea from the topmast rigging on Nov. 15; to C. H. Smith, for saving Bombardier T. Birtwistle, Royal Artillery, who fell into the harbour at Portsmouth on Dec. 12.

Testimonials for various actions of bravery in saving life were also awarded to Constable J. Cunningham, Royal Irish Constabulary; G. Hussey and A. Hitchcock, E. J. Housden, Private Frank Brandon, 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment, J. Perkins, J. Shilton (aged fourteen), and Drummer T. Hawkins.



THE LOST TROOPER'S HORSE: AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR IN ENGLAND.



CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS EXAMINING PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE FROM GERMANY, AT WIRBALLEN, ON THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.

Everybody will be glad to know that there is now within reach of expectant readers the "third part" of the late Mr. C. C. Greville's memoirs, ably and conscientiously edited by Henry Reeve (Longmans, Green, and Co.); and everybody will be sorry to learn that there is no more to come. The new and concluding part is entitled *A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria from 1852 to 1860*; and if it be correctly understood that Mr. Greville died in January, 1865, it is clear that he could not have added much to his journal, which he deliberately brought to an end, through sheer disgust at being "entirely out of the way of hearing anything of the slightest interest beyond what is known to all the world." Fortunately, however, the period embraced in these last two volumes is one of the most interesting and most memorable, as regards both domestic and foreign affairs, in the whole history of her Majesty's reign. In these two volumes the Clerk of the Council no longer appears in the character of the fashionable and even dissipated young man of pleasure, or of the middle-aged politician, entering into all the questions of the day with energy and enthusiasm; he has become, rather, the elderly, somewhat melancholy, spectator, than the active participator (to the extent that his official position permitted); and, so far as his beloved sport is concerned, the owner or part-owner of Mango, Alarm, Canadian, Adine, Ariosto, Cariboo, and Muscovite (a "sensational" winner of the Cesarewitch), the Sir Oracle of the Jockey Club, is found recording his serious intention of withdrawing from the excitement of the Turf, and confining himself to the more sober, but scarcely less anxious, cares of breeding. So Falstaff, when his end was approaching, "babbled o' green fields." Still, Mr. Greville had many years before him, when, in 1854, he became more and more confirmed in his resolution to get rid of his race-horses, to get out of his office (of Clerk of the Council), and to amuse himself "with locomotion, fresh scenes, and dabbling in literature." If a journal be literature, he had—happily for all of us who read—been dabbling for a long while, and for some time to come continued to dabble therein.

Of the profoundly interesting historical events with which these two volumes deal, the most momentous, of course, are the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the Italian War; and concerning each the keeper of the journal has jotted down some very curious details, obtained at first hand or on very excellent authority. But, at this distance of time, the English reader will appreciate most highly the few glimpses given of Queen Victoria's domestic life, and of the difficulties with which the late Prince Consort had to contend before he fully established his position and popularity. Most touching is the account of the letter written by the Queen to the Prince of Wales, when she announced to him "his emancipation from parental authority and control"; and more touching still is the description of the effect it had upon him who was the recipient of it.

Most readers will be both surprised and amused at the picture drawn of the manner in which our rulers behaved in the days of the popular Lord Palmerston, when they met together in council to deliberate upon the affairs of the nation. It appears that Lord Lansdowne would fall asleep inconspicuously, and that Lord Palmerston and others would immediately follow the example. If that sort of behaviour prevails at the present day, it may account for a great deal which astonishes the uninitiated. That there has long been precedent, however, for a slumbering Ministry may be inferred by what was written in the days of the "horsey" Marquis of Rockingham, with whom the late Mr. C. C. Greville may be supposed to have had something in common. "The Cabinet sleeps, and the Minister's Rocking'em," ran the words of the satirist.

Besides much important and valuable information, the two volumes contain not a few good stories and curious anecdotes about persons who once were or still are among the foremost personages of their time. At the date of the great Duke of Wellington's funeral, for instance, we are told that Count Walewski, then French ambassador in London, had been ordered by Napoleon III. (greatly to the Emperor's credit) to attend it, but showed strong reluctance, and confided his feelings to Baron Brunnov, who very pithily remarked: "If this ceremony were intended to bring the Duke to life again, I can conceive your reluctance to appear at it; but as it is only to bury him, I don't see that you have anything to complain of." There is another anecdote which may be mentioned as a proof of the singular way in which a mere name of a race-horse may recall to one man nothing at all, but to another a very romantic story. It has been already mentioned, for instance, that Mr. C. C. Greville owned, in 1851-2, a race-horse (which is female as well as male) called Adine. Of course, most people would pass over the name as nothing but a filly's appellation, as of no particular significance. But beneath that simple word lies a strange tale. Adine was the name of a romantic young lady, with whom Mr. C. C. Greville was on terms of friendship, who was the daughter of Count Maltzahn (a name well known on the English turf), Prussian Minister at Vienna, and who, "being a charming girl of twenty," actually fell in love with Frederic Lamb, Lord Beauvale and Melbourne, English Ambassador at Vienna, a man "sixty years old, and with a broken and enfeebled constitution"; lived a most happy married life with him for eleven years, and when she lost him, in 1853, in his seventy-second year, mourned him as passionately as if she had been Venus bereaved of Adonis. So perhaps, in time to come, the name of "Coco" (which has lately been conferred upon a race-horse) may keep alive (though it were better dead and buried, and forgotten) a "cause célèbre" of but the other day.

Mr. Greville, in his journal, has sometimes indulged in the tempting but delusive game of prophecy, against which his long experience of "sporting predictions" should have been a sufficient warning. Needless to say, he is occasionally very wide of the mark; when, for instance, he prophesied (in 1853) the failure of attempts to bring about a lasting alliance between Lord Derby and the then Mr. Disraeli, and when he (in 1858) expressed "the most dismal forebodings upon this Indian question," forebodings falsified by "the experience of nearly thirty years." That Mr. Greville should be a little, or more than a little, bitter against the Press, at the same time that he bears witness to its enormous influence, is only what was to be expected of a gentleman who, in his sporting capacity, had been very roughly handled in "the papers," who had recovered damages against them for libel on one occasion, at least, and might have been equally successful, no doubt, more frequently, had he cared to prosecute as often as he had ample grounds.

At the annual meeting of the committee of the Civil Service Life-boat Fund, held last week, the hon. secretary reported that during the past year the fund had presented to the National Institution a fifth life-boat, which, after having formed a part of the Lord Mayor's Show in November last, had been placed at Maryport, on the coast of Cumberland. It was further stated that the Civil Service life-boats had been instrumental in saving 189 lives and three vessels.

RUSSIAN FRONTIER CUSTOMS.

Modern railway travelling, while its speed, comfort, and punctuality serve to make it easy to visit the different countries and nations of Europe, also furnishes a jealous or timorous Government with the opportunity conveniently to inspect and scrutinise arriving passengers in their compulsory detention at frontier stations. In going from Berlin to St. Petersburg, by way of Königsberg, there is a station named Wirballen, or rather, a twofold station—a Prussian Wirballen and a Russian Wirballen; the latter of which is a place where discreet travellers will take care what they say and how they behave, or they may have some little trouble in getting on farther. Our Artist, who has gone through this experience, contributes a Sketch of the scene when the Russian Customs' officers are sternly and rigorously examining all the passengers' luggage, which process, unless they are dexterously bribed, can be made rather annoying to persons whose boxes, trunks, and portmanteaus are filled with costly and delicate apparel, and with cherished articles that they do not like to have "rummaged." Here is a Parisian young lady, for example, with a precious stock of millinery, apparently distressed by the rough touch of dirty hands laid on the silks and muslins and lace in the upper compartment of her ample chest, while her robes and jackets, of fine materials and work, lie trailing on the dirty bench and floor. As a rule, with travellers who do not understand or will not condescend to a little official transaction for the sake of lenient treatment, every parcel, however carefully packed and fastened, is opened by the Russians, and the very wrappings are subjected to a minute scrutiny, as if it were suspected that charges of dynamite might be hidden in their folds. But newspapers, whether in the English, French, or German language, seem to be regarded as more perilous even than explosive chemical compounds. Our Artist, for instance, had inadvertently wrapped up his spare boots in an old copy of the *Daily News*, which was at once taken away, so that he had to enfold the boots in one of his shirts. He had also with him, as was natural, the *Illustrated London News*; and, being an Austrian, the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna: both these papers, we know not why, having been looked at by a superior official, probably of the Russian police censorship, were mutilated by stamping certain parts with an inked block, to prevent the reading of objectionable passages, and were returned in that condition to our friend; while his block of drawing-paper, though perfectly blank, was cut open, leaf by leaf, to see if there was any writing or drawing in it. The signature of the Russian Ambassador to the passport from the starting-point of the journey is requisite for being allowed to pass the frontier of Russia.

SURVEYING IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Surveyor-General's Department of the New Zealand Government is a well-organised official service, in which detached parties are frequently employed to survey the extensive tracts of public lands still awaiting the occupation of agricultural or pastoral settlers, more especially in the North Island, in the former provinces of Auckland and Hawke's Bay, or Napier, where much work of this kind yet remains to be done. A correspondent who has been engaged in Government surveying, which often commands the temporary assistance of newly arrived colonists desirous to see the country and to gain experience in a somewhat rough but healthy campaigning life of out-door labour, sends these Sketches of a few amusing incidents, one being that of a dispute with some females of the Maori race. This is not a rare occurrence in the back districts, where the natives have a fixed idea that once the chain passes over the land, their claim to it is impaired. Women and children are usually sent to stop a survey in the first instance, it having no doubt been found that the object can sometimes be gained in this way without the serious results of a quarrel between men. Another lively scene is that of "a wild sucking-pig scramble." The wild swine, not indigenous, but descendants of those which have run loose, absolutely swarm in certain districts of New Zealand. A chase after the young ones, commonly called "suckers," is very great fun. These, when caught, are not generally killed, as there are plenty of large ones to be had. They will probably be taken to the camp, where, in a few days, they will become so tame that they will sit round the fire with the dogs. Wild pigs, says our correspondent, are the cleanest of animals. In the New Zealand bush the trees grow so thickly together, and the masses of fallen trunks covering the ground are so numerous, that, in some forests, one walks almost as much on timber as on terra firma, becoming in time a sort of amateur Blondin. In this performance, similar to that on the tight rope, a surveyor's theodolite may sometimes be useful as a balancing-pole. Still, even to the wary and skilful, "accidents will happen." In one case, the surveyor has evidently been traversing the creek, as may be seen by the flag on the opposite bank. In crossing over, his foot has slipped, with this dire result. The survey party usually have a pack-horse to carry all the food and other necessities for several months. The pack-horse, we are told, before starting, to fortify him for his arduous task, has been fed on oats for the last few days. Being a grass-fed horse, as most horses up-country in New Zealand are, this generous diet has had a greater effect on him than anticipated. He kicks and gallops away, and the party enjoy the melancholy spectacle of a distribution of all their little effects to the four winds of heaven. Meanwhile, the pack-horse, his speed increasing in exact proportion to the lightening of his load, gradually becomes a speck in the far distance. Provisions, however, are somehow to be got, supplies of flour, sugar, and tea being the most essential. Potatoes and other vegetables can, perhaps, be had of the Maoris; and there is sometimes a chance of catching fish or shooting birds, not to mention wild pork. The culinary arrangements may devolve, by turn, upon any of the party. Upon the disastrous occasion represented, the cross-bar of "cook's" simple fireplace has no doubt been burnt through; and the prospect of dinner for the hungry survey party who will presently arrive has become problematical. They usually live under tents, and care little to seek shelter in the wooden huts of squatters. When a new settlement grows up rapidly, before a survey of the township has been made, the houses of thoughtful and far-seeing men are built on wooden sledges, so that, after the survey, each man can move his house on to his own particular section. This is done by teams of bullocks; or, if a river happens to bisect the future metropolis, by the simple process of a boat towing the house across the river. As New Zealand is an extremely loyal colony, the principal hotel in every new town is generally called "The Royal Hotel." At some more commodious hostelry, in an up-country township, we see the party enjoying a game of billiards. Surveyors, after several months in the bush, are something like sailors after a long cruise. They have got back to "the delights of civilisation."

The fifty-two volumes of "Cassell's National Library" issued during last year just fill an oak bookcase supplied by the publishers, and in this shape the library forms a useful and most acceptable gift.

THE DAYS OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

Readers fond of Court gossip and of domestic details will turn with curiosity to two volumes just published, entitled *Court and Private Life in the Time of Queen Charlotte, being the Journals of Mrs. Papendiek, Assistant Keeper of the Wardrobe and Reader to her Majesty*. Edited by her grand-daughter, Mrs. Vernon Delves Broughton (Bentley). We do not think they will be disappointed with the book if they remember Pope's advice, and "regard the writer's end." These memoirs were not written for publication, but simply at the suggestion of Mrs. Papendiek's daughters, and, writing thus, it is natural that a variety of trivial and family matters should be mentioned of no great interest to the public. A reader, however, who knows how to use a book of this kind will gain from it a more vivid picture of the time, and of some conspicuous characters, than from many works of greater pretension. We are reminded as we read these pages of Madame D'Arblay's Diary, which has a literary art about it to which her successor in Court duties makes no claim; Mrs. Papendiek's narrative, however, has a merit of its own, being written with entire faithfulness and sincerity of purpose.

It relates to the English life of a century ago, a life in some respects utterly unlike our own. The writer's father came over from Germany in attendance on Queen Charlotte, and for the rest of his life held an appointment at the Court. His child was, therefore, introduced in infancy to Court life, and, having been born about the same time as Prince William, was frequently his playmate. At a very early age, to her father's regret, and apparently without affection on her part—one word from her father, she said, would have put a stop to it—the girl married Mr. Papendiek, a German musician and page to the Princess Royal. They were poor, at all events in their early married life, but Mrs. Papendiek was none the less welcomed by Queen Charlotte; who, with the King, either acted as sponsors for her children, or appointed them. The young wife appears to have had not a little taste for dress, about which a good deal is said; and having visited the Queen one day in a pretty cap, was asked to make the Princess Amelia's caps for the future. The Princesses are described as "more than beautiful," and the Prince of Wales as showing "an elegance indescribable in everything that he did before the public." The writer admits, however, that he was utterly unfeeling, and that at the time of the King's illness his conduct was despicable. Few men, indeed, have ever led a baser life than "the first gentleman in Europe."

And now, as it is impossible to follow the course of events in a narrative so full of minute chit-chat, it may be well to note some of the writer's memories of famous people, and a few of the circumstances or fashions which show how the life of that time differs from our own.

When a girl the author was sent to school at Streatham, where Johnson was living with the Thrales, and there is a happy recollection of a school entertainment at which the Doctor was present. "He told us all to talk to him, as that was what he liked, and his kind benevolent heart made him a favourite with us all." And he told Miss Albert (for that was the writer's maiden name) that he liked her, because she was open-hearted and glad to be corrected. "He, poor man, was very untidy; but we did not love or respect him the less for that." Of Dr. Dodd, the popular preacher who, in spite of the efforts made to save his life, was executed for forgery, interesting mention is made. When he preached, there was not standing-room left in the church. He is said to have been handsome in the extreme, and to have possessed "an harmonious voice, a heart of passion, and the power of showing that he felt his subject deeply." Zoffany, the artist, figures conspicuously in the memoirs, for the writer lived in intimacy with his wife, who was "a perfect beauty, good-natured, kind, and very charitable." The story of the artist's first connection with her is not at all to his credit. A better man, and a greater artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was often at the Thrales, and is frequently mentioned. There, too, as every reader knows, came Fanny Burney, who to Mrs. Papendiek was "all politeness as usual." Of Fuseli and Sir Thomas Lawrence there are some pleasant glimpses; and West, the president of the Royal Academy, used to drop in for whilst; but the writer seems to have been more intimate with musicians than with artists, her husband taking part in Court concerts, and she has many a good story to relate about several who are still known to fame. She carries the reader with her to the theatre, then in its palmiest days, for Mrs. Siddons was taking the town by storm, and Miss Farren charmed everyone with her beauty and elegance, and Henderson was performing at Drury-Lane, and Miss Young was winning golden opinions, and Mrs. Abington was "certainly the first in her line of genteel comedy"; but Garrick, one of the most versatile and illustrious of English actors, had passed away when the writer was still a child. Music was the young wife's delight, and when pianos were introduced into England, she was able to accompany her husband on his flute. Dancing was a very important accomplishment in those days, and "my master," she writes, "was particularly pleased with my manner of giving and withdrawing the hand. I was renowned for my finish of the different movements, the jump being accomplished without brusqueness." Then we may note, as illustrations of the old world Mrs. Papendiek lived in, how, in travelling to Streatham, a friend met her at Brixton with a blunderbuss, and they arrived in safety—Brixton Hill being a noted place for danger, the highwaymen meeting, it was said, at the "Horns," Kennington; how, among the Court perquisites received by her husband, were two tallow candles a night in winter, and one in summer; how, finding it inconvenient to dress her hair, powder being worn, she cut it off, "beautiful as it was," close to her head, and wore a cap "most becomingly made"; how trains, at any rate those worn by the Princesses, were about one yard on the ground, "which was then considered a walking length"; and how, exactly a century ago, luxury was gaining ground and company dinners were as late as three o'clock. The reader who wishes to hear more from Mrs. Papendiek about our forefathers in the days of George III. should search these entertaining volumes.

The Clothworkers' Company have made a grant of £50 to the funds of the Recreation Evening Schools Association.

Sir W. R. E. Smart, M.D., Inspector-General of Hospitals, has been awarded a good service pension of £150 a year.

Sir Michael Morris, Bart., Chief Justice of the Irish Common Pleas, has been appointed Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, in succession to Lord Chief Justice May, retired.

In the biographical notice of the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, which appeared in our issue of the 15th inst., it was erroneously stated that he was born at Leipzig of a Jewish family, and that he came to England at the age of sixteen. We are informed that his ancestors were not of Jewish descent, but belonged for many generations to the Lutheran Church; and that his father came to England in the year 1812, being then about eighteen years old. He became a naturalised English subject, and married an Englishwoman; his son, Mr. G. J. Goschen, being born in London in 1831.

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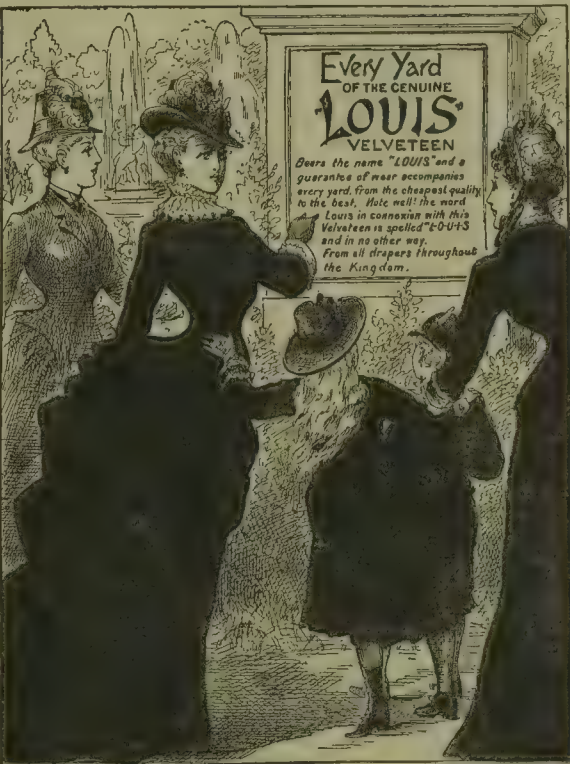
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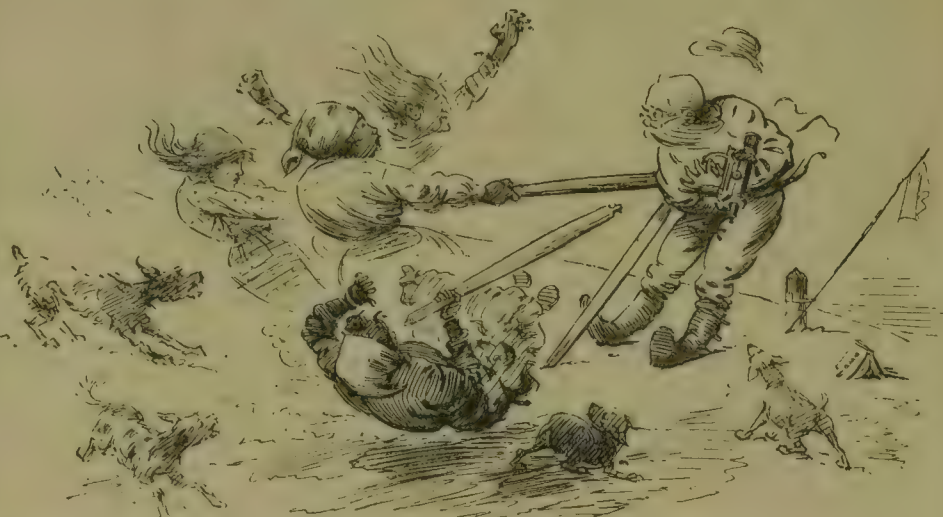
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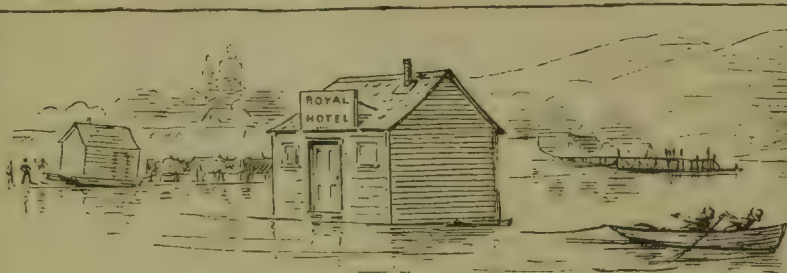
Result of giving oats to the packhorse.



Objection to the survey on the part of some native ladies.



A wild sucking pig scramble.



Shifting houses in a new township.



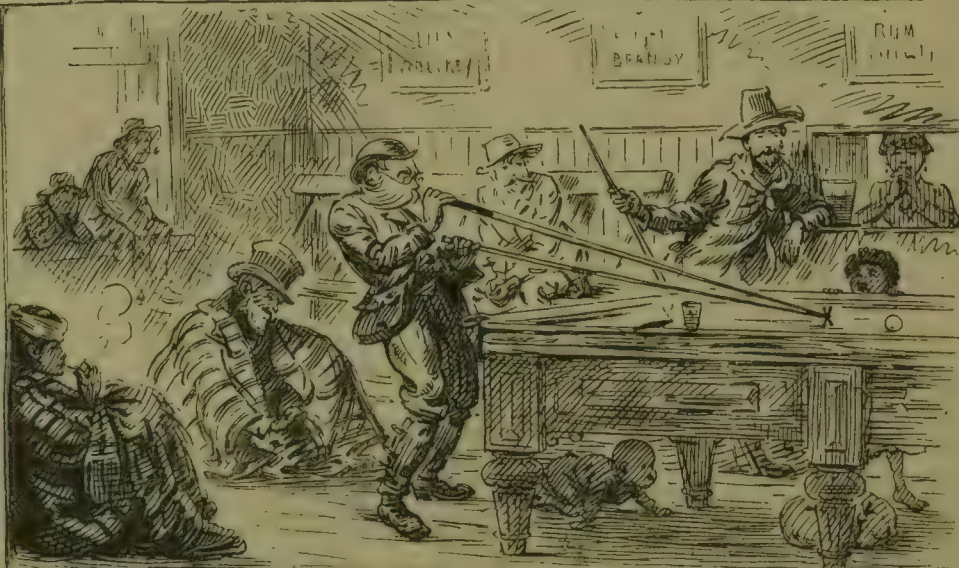
"Cook" in a quandary.



The theodolite is sometimes useful as a balancing pole.



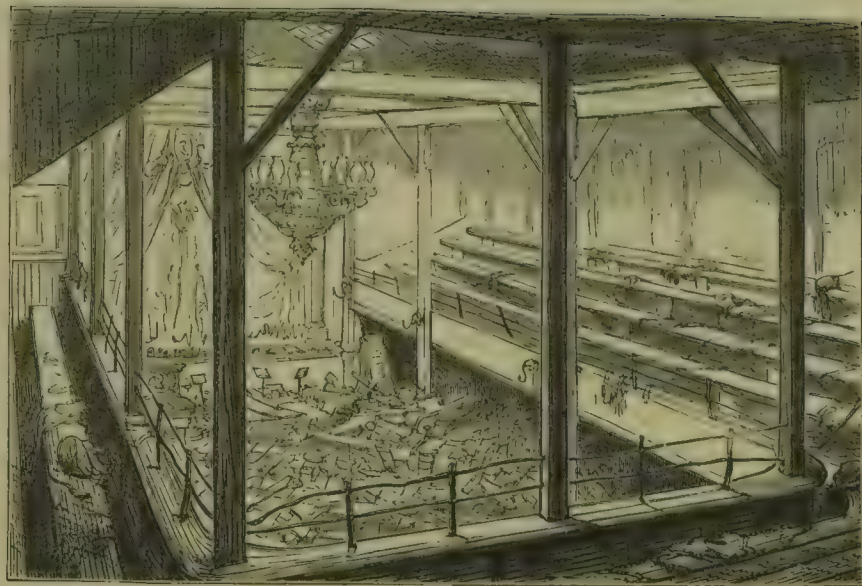
Accidents will happen, even to the best regulated surveyors.



Back once more to the delights of civilization after six months in the bush.



THE GALLERY STEPS, WHERE THE PEOPLE WERE CRUSHED.



THE HALL, FROM THE GALLERY.

SCENE OF THE LATE DISASTER IN SPITALFIELDS, AT THE HEBREW DRAMATIC CLUB, PRINCES-STREET.



POLICE LEAVING THE RIGHT HON. ROWLAND WINN'S CASTLE, AT GLENBEIGH.



PEASANTS THROWING DOWN ROCKS ON AN EVICTION PARTY.



EVICTION AT GLENBEIGH, COUNTY KERRY.

THE RENT WAR IN IRELAND: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BABY BUNTING.

Nearly half a century ago the celebrated James Orchard Halliwell sallied forth, a loyal champion of the legends of the nursery. From the imputation of frivolity he did his able best to rescue and redeem our childhood's tales. He made a pathetic appeal to a hard and selfish world to assist him in this noble endeavour. "Let none," he said, "deem this a derogatory task." It is this idle notion of their puerility that makes us careless about their preservation. The antiquities of our English people are rapidly disappearing before the spread of Board schools. Before many years have elapsed they will be lost, or recorded only in the collections of the antiquary, and the sceptic will ask for evidence that they ever existed.

It is not only from their historical or antiquarian side that the epics and lyrics of our nursery bespeak our interest and sympathy; their multifarious variety of metre and of treatment also entitles them to our careful consideration. We may collect from them a perfect chain of the domesticities of infant life. They are the picture gallery, the Nigarristan, of babyhood; and they are essentially pure. No touch or taint of evil stains the virgin candour of "Hey, diddle, diddle," if interpreted naturally, and as the author, of course, intended it to be interpreted; no speck of pollution, whatever may have been suggested by the coarser commentators of earlier periods, blots the snowy whiteness of "Goosey, Goosey Gander!" These two poems alone are an honour to human nature. Nothing immoral has, indeed, ever been permanently popular as nursery literature. The unsophisticated child rejects the suggestion of the indecent as it would reject an oyster or an olive, kirschenwasser or tawny port. But it must not be supposed that the poems mentioned have no more than a negative excellence. Nothing would be more pleasing than to insist on their positive merits, their loving tenderness, their all-pervading sympathy, their homely naturalness; but all these qualities, and more, may also be found in the subject of our present paper.

The learned author of "Primitive Culture" has suggested an allegorical explanation of "Sing a song of sixpence" which it would be found difficult, if not dangerous, to apply to "Baby Bunting." His mode is a favourite one with exegetists, but it is full of peril. It regards its subject mythologically, not historically; as a figure, not as a fact. "Sing a song of sixpence" is, in the opinion of Mr. Tylor, a Nature myth. The four-and-twenty blackbirds are the hours; the pie, with its upper and under crust, the underlying earth and the over-arching heaven. The birds begin to sing when the pie is opened—that is, the hours begin their rolling course at dawn; the King is the sun; his money, the sun's rays. The Queen is the moon; her honey, moonlight. The maid is the moisture of the fields; the clothes are the clouds; the blackbird is the hour of sunset.

"Baby Bunting" has nothing in it of the solar myth. It is plain, simple, and clear from beginning to end. It is only when there is obscurity of meaning that allegorical interpretation is commonly adopted. No child ever asked the meaning of "Baby Bunting." This cannot be affirmed of other rhymes; for instance, of "Humpty Dumpty." Any infant of average intelligence would be led by the curiosity which seems sometimes inconveniently to rule over infancy, to ask why the egg was set, of all places in the world, on a wall? But with "Baby Bunting" the adolescent mind is content. All here is plain sailing. There is no occasion for solar figure or Nature myth in this beautiful story. To the more difficult text of "Hickory, dickory, dock," with the intricate complexities of its opening and closing lines, which many go so far as to consider altogether meaningless—to this poem, and poems like this, let the allegoric interpretation, as fallacious generally as it is ingenious, be applied. The more dark and apparently absurd the composition is, the more likely is it to have some hidden significance. Notwithstanding the many temptations there are to think otherwise, nonsense has seldom been written of deliberate intent.

"Baby Bunting" belongs to that soothing class of melodies commonly termed lullabies. The very name, in which the softest of the labials is dominant, seems to pour upon our languid eyes the honied poppydew of sleep. "Bye, Baby Bunting," repeated in cadenced intervals, would be surely more efficacious in the cure of insomnia than the counting of innumerable herds of imaginary cattle ranging in scattered disorder over distant plains, or the following with the mental eye the soaring blue wreaths of an ideal pipe as they vanish in quick succession into air. "Baby Bunting" has probably hushed into slumber many generations of babies in by-gone years.

Now-a-days, we manage matters differently. Infants still yelp and yawl as they have done since the race of men began. Human existence is probably like a pair of new shoes, uncomfortable till you grow used to it. Babies wail on the first threshold of life, as an overt sign it may be of protest against their having been introduced into it. What course of action is adopted by the modern mother to mollify her child's acclaim? Does she try the magic charm of "Bye, Baby Bunting"? Far from it—she steps over to the nearest pharmaceutical chemist, purchases a sweet but lethal compound, and the baby is released from the ills to which flesh is heir with expedition and dispatch.

It is possible that in the present time there are some people so benighted as never even to have heard of "Baby Bunting"! It is necessary, therefore, with an apology to those better informed, to insert his simple story here:—

Bye, Baby Bunting!
Father's gone a-hunting!
Sister's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in!

And that is all. But what more is required? Brevity is the soul of wit. It is also the true source of the sublime. Four centuries, at least, have passed away since "The Foles of Gotham" first saw the light, but their story is still familiar to us; and why? Probably from the succinct poetic form in which it is conveyed. For terseness and conciseness it is worthy of being compared to "Bye, Baby Bunting"; but for these only—

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl!
If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer!

This poem leaves an aching void in the reader's heart and head. It is unsatisfactory, as it fails to enlist our sympathies. It opens well, and the poem provokes curiosity, but the conclusion is lame and impotent. How widely different is "Baby Bunting"! Here the trochee takes the place of the anapest, and the rhyme is perfect. The little Bunting's story, told in true literary style, enlivens the fancy, seduces the imagination, and touches the heart. Here there is no artificial life, no horror of a hairbreadth and imminent "escape, like that of "going to sea in a bowl." No stale device excites our curiosity; all is simple nature—a baby story in a humble country home. Who Baby Bunting was we shall probably never learn. Many are the names chronicled in our new "National Biography," with diligent research and probably fair completeness, but among them only two "Buntings" appear. One, Edward, was an Irish musician, an antiquary, and inclined to stoutness, not at all the sort of man to go "a-hunting"; the other, Jabez, was a Wesleyan Methodist

minister. This Bunting was the secretary of a missionary society, and, though he is commended for his "singleness of aim," we have no reason to suppose that he was more addicted to venery than the other. Even the sex of "Baby Bunting" is left uncertain, though we are probably justified in assuming the baby was a boy. But these blots are rather the result of contemporary carelessness than any disgrace to the inspired author. The criticism of Johnson on some of Pope's Epitaphs cannot, with any justice, be applied to "Baby Bunting." The name of the subject of the poem is twice repeated. It is the Alpha and Omega of this little alphabet of inner rustic life. The mother dandles her probably sole male babe upon her knee by the light, we will suppose, of a winter fire. It is, doubtless, evening. Shadows are, at all events, beginning to gather over the land. The father is momentarily expected home. He has gone a-hunting to provide sustenance for his little family. There is no reason to suppose that there are other children. The sister of the hero has gone to a merchant and furrier for the express purpose of buying some garment of skin in which to clothe her infant brother. The allusion to this garment as a skin indicates the very early period of the story. Thus, all are employed, circulate as it were within different orbits, about "Baby Bunting," their central sun. This is exactly as it should be. How easy to find that emotional nourishment after which our affections yearn in this our rich inheritance of nursery lore! The eye can only see, according to Carlyle, what it brings with it the power of seeing. But the poet will feel more in this immemorial cradle-song than he can find words to express. Nay, the most devoid of imagination cannot fail to recognise in it an absorbing domestic interest united with a healthy moral development which might put to the blush many a more ambitious story of the circulating library.

J. M.

THE DISASTER IN SPITALFIELDS.

The dreadful calamity on the night of Tuesday week was briefly noticed in our last. It took place at the Hebrew Club, 3, Princes-street, Spitalfields, a place of recreation and amusement among the German and Prussian Jews, who dwell in the vicinity of Commercial-street and Spitalfields. It appears that a benefit performance was organised by a dramatic society in connection with the club, for the purpose of affording help to a distressed member of the club. Special notice had been circulated of the performance of a play called "The Spanish Gipsy" (not the fine dramatic poem by George Eliot). There was a large attendance, estimated at from 400 to 500 persons; a large portion of them women, while there were many husbands with their wives and children. Nearly all were of the poorer class of Jews, workers in the slop-making establishments, the boot trade, and other industries in which cheap labour is employed; most of them were immigrants from Germany, Polish Prussia, and a part of Russia. The women were dressed in holiday attire, with gaily-coloured costumes and jewellery. Arrangements for the comfort of the audience had been made by the manager, Mr. A. Smith, a butcher, of Dorset-street, Spitalfields, even providing refreshments during the performance. The club comprises a hall, fitted up in the modern music-hall style, with stage, having footlights, curtain, proscenium, stalls, pit, and gallery on two sides of the hall. The length of the hall, in rough measurement, is about 50 ft., and the width about 30 ft. Near the door is a bar, and the hall leads into a vestibule about 10 ft. in length, the entrance into this vestibule being at least 5 ft. in width, ample for all purposes of egress. The gallery steps lead into this vestibule, so that the upper and lower sections of the audience meet here. It was in this space that the struggle occurred, caused by a false panic and alarm of fire, which cost the loss of seventeen lives. By means of a swinging door, opening outwards, another vestibule is reached, where two wide doors open into the street. In addition to these two doors, there is a third door from the hall through the house part of the club, where the billiard and smoking rooms are situated.

At half-past eleven, towards the end of the performance, a boy in the galleries, to gain a better view of the stage, climbed up a gas-pipe affixed to the wall, and, in doing so, broke it in half. Harris Gilbert, who, with his wife and family, was sitting near, tried with his handkerchief to stop the gas from escaping. He was successful in doing so; but some person shouted out, "Turn off the meter!" and the hall was thrown into partial darkness. A cry was immediately raised of "Fire!" which threw the whole assembly into a fright, and they all rushed to the doors. The semi-darkness added to the confusion; and the women and children shrieked in extreme terror. As the occupants of the body of the hall thronged to the door, at the same time as those from the right-hand gallery came tearing down the stone steps, a collision was the result, only one or two escaping from the front of the mass; the remainder became immovably interlocked at the junction of the staircase and the hall entrances. The whole of the staircase was packed with struggling human beings, who poured down the narrow steps upon those who had fallen at the bottom. The women and the young children, unable to keep their feet, were pressed down. One old man named Isaac Levy, a patriarchal elder of the Jewish Church, was an early victim. The unfortunate people were literally trampled to death by those who fell on them treading on their prostrate bodies. The breath was crushed out of all who were nearest the floor, and not one of these, so far as can be ascertained, escaped alive. The names of the deceased persons are:—Isaac Levy, aged 74; Gerty Levy, 47, his wife; Solomon Krotofsky, 15; Lewis Krotofsky, 13, his brother; Rachel Levy, 22; Regina Monc-Adam, 45; Percy Cohen, 15; Esther Ellis, 16; Isaac Goldberg, 12; Millie Goldberg, 36, his mother; Betsy Aizan, 24; Eva Marks, 9; Jennie Goldstein, 24; Esther Rosenfell, 21; Kate Silverman, 22; Katie Baum, 19; and Sarah Rinalds, 26. They were buried on Thursday evening and Friday, at West Ham Cemetery; the coffins were carried to the Hebrew section of the burial-ground, and interred in one row, one in each grave. The Hebrew burial service was said over each grave separately by the Rev. S. Spiro, of the Central Synagogue.

Mr. S. Wynne Baxter, Coroner for the Eastern Division of Middlesex, opened an inquest on Thursday, which was adjourned for a week.

The Queen has granted her sanction to the Female School of Art, Queen-square, being entitled "The Royal Female School of Art."

The following notice for St. Valentine's Day has been issued by command of the Postmaster-General: "Presents, such as books, gloves, scarves, perfumes, trinkets, or other ornaments, fancy articles, &c., intended to be sent as valentines to places abroad, should be posted in advance as under: for the Continent of Europe, not less than from five to ten days before St. Valentine's Day, according to the locality. For British Colonies and Possessions, and Egypt, Cape Town, Ascension, and St. Helena, Jan. 27; West Indies, Jan. 20; Gibraltar and Malta, Feb. 1; Egypt, Jan. 25; Canada (eastern portions), Jan. 27; (western portions), Jan. 20; and Newfoundland, Feb. 3."

TO A FOREST VILLAGE.

Though it is not yet seven o'clock, the winter night, in this Northern parish, has quite closed in, and it is already very dark. When the sun set, far in the south, some hours ago, its disc gleamed coppery red through brown mist veils as of rising smoke, and the shepherd's wife on the moor, as she brought in her peats for the night, said she thought there would be more snow before morning. It has not yet begun to fall, however, when the minister, wrapped up to the ears in his heavy coat, and his feet encased in strong, thick-soled boots, pulling on a pair of rough worsted gloves, and calling his spaniel from her place on the study hearth, sets out from his comfortable manse.

Presently, as he turns from the beaten highway into the snow-clad woods of the manor, hearing the bell of the distant town steeple behind him striking the hour, he gives an encouraging word to his dog, and quickens his steps a little. As he passes the humble window of the gate-lodge, he pauses a moment—there was a sound; yes, it is audible again—a mother crooning softly over her child; and his eye glistens as his ear catches the lullaby, old bachelor as he is. From the chimney on the low roof, too, there steals down among the trees the savoury fragrance of the evening meal. The father, one of the under-gamekeepers on the estate, evidently has not come home yet, and his young wife is waiting for him.

The sky is soft and very dark overhead, the tree-tops are all but lost in it, and one can almost fancy he hears the drifting of the coming snow. But all is silent, not a branch in the forest stirs, and between the black tree-trunks the sheeted snow can be seen stretching stainless and undisturbed on either hand into the mysterious depths of the woods. The trees themselves, unshaken all these weeks by wind or squirrel or woodbird, raise into the night their branches robed to the remotest twig in the matchless lacework of the frost.

But see! Along the hollow, to the left, can be caught a glimpse of the manor house, its windows, most of them, aglow with light. A grey, stately old place it is, in the midst of its woods, eloquent with the memories of long-past centuries. Royalty has been entertained there in bygone days, and in the woodland aisles around has echoed merrily the laughter of many a gay party from the court, distant only a morning's ride. But storm after storm has swept the land since then: that gay Court's palace is a ruin now; and while the race of the humble peasant still thrives in the manor woods, the race of the manor lord, and the race of the kings themselves, of those days, have passed from the earth for ever. There is no spot in so old a land but has its memories, sad and gay. Somewhere in these woods, in days still further gone, a national hero was betrayed, and on the moorland ridge, a mile away, a king's army suffered defeat. But the minister passes on. His errand to-night is neither to palace nor castle, yet it may be that the simple hearts he is presently to unite will beat as happily under a lowly roof of thatch as do those of the gentle owners of the manor yonder.

By degrees, as he presses on, the path becomes rougher, and the trees deepen the darkness overhead, and hardly a former footstep has left its trace in the undrilled snow. The solitude might also be primeval, so absolute is the silence in these untrodden recesses. The solitary snapping, once, of a rime-laden branch has only testified amid the stillness to the intensity of the frost. At last, however, the path widens somewhat, there is a little clearing and a forsaken lodge, and beyond, here and there in the open, gleam the scattered lights of the village. A sequestered spot it is, bowered in summer by the whispering woods, and in winter buried here in the forest solitudes by the swathing snow.

But there is merriment enough to-night in the little community; and the frequent ring of laughter from the nearest cottage, as well as the warm glow of firelight streaming from its threshold and windows, deep-set under the thatch, tell where the festivities are going forward. It is the cottage of the bride's father; all the village has assembled here to assist in the ceremony, and they are waiting now for the minister. The laughter subsides as he lifts the latch and enters, stamping in the doorway to shake the snow from his feet; and all eyes are turned upon him, as the Goodman of the House, a grizzled forester of sixty winters, hastens forward with a welcome to help him out of his coat. It is a comfortable scene—the interior of the low-raftered kitchen, lit up rather by the warm glow of the open fire than by the candles set on table and window-shelf. By the hearth are gathered the older folk; the many-wrinkled granny, in comely white mitch and kerchief; the few matrons, with smoothly-braided hair, and little ornament, except a well-worn ring or two; and the men in decent homespun; while further back are grouped the more youthful members of the party—broad-shouldered young fellows and merry-eyed lasses, excited a little by the somewhat infectious inspiration of the occasion. Everything in the humble apartment is as clean as householdly care can make it; not a speck is to be seen on the brown stones of the floor, and above the black shining chimney-piece the brass candlesticks glitter like gold. On the snowy dresser over there, below the well-filled plate-rack, is piled in profusion the substantial fare that will do duty later on. Meanwhile, on the white deal table in the middle of the room is set only the well-worn family Bible.

The minister, however, with a kindly word, has shaken the hand of the somewhat embarrassed bridegroom, and stands now, inquiring pleasantly after granny's eyesight, by the fire. There is a pause of expectancy, a hurried messenger or two pass between the rooms, and then the bride, a handsome young woman of twenty-two or so, is brought in by her mother from "ben the hoose," as the only other apartment is called. With a look of happy pride at the object of his affection, the bridegroom takes his place by her side at the further end of the table, and the minister, glancing round to see that all is ready, opens the Bible. After a brief but earnest prayer, and the reading of a short passage of Scripture, the good old man addresses them in a few solemn yet kindly words. They are taking the most serious step in life: let them look to Heaven for a blessing upon it. The future may bring them prosperity; let them see that it does not cool their affection. It may also have trials in store for them: let these be lightened by being shared between them. Above all, let them remember to be open-hearted to one another. Then he asks if they are willing to be wedded "for better or for worse," bids them join hands, engages in another most momentous prayer, and finally declaring them man and wife, with the solemn injunction, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," ends the short ceremony. Immediately there is a great stir, shaking of hands with the bridegroom, and kissing of the bride; the gallant groomsmen, somehow, extends the salutation to the blushing bridesmaid. The mother sheds a few quiet tears, and granny, by the fire, wakens up to speak of her own wedding day.

But the proper papers have been signed, and the minister, followed to the door by the overflowing thanks of the little family, and refusing all offers of escort, leaves the homely company to its enjoyment—for the dance will be kept up till a late hour in the morning. The night air is bracing, after the warmth inside, and, as the sky has cleared a little now, the pathway back through the woods will be better seen by the silvery sparkle of the frosty stars.

G. E. T.

WINTER PENSIONERS.

The birds are, after all, the best weather prophets. Before the snow came, dense flocks of larks flew away towards the south. The uneasy rooks inspected and repaired their nests in the trees to the left, with one eye on the growing bank of clouds; and the starlings chattered and argued all day long, making double the noise the next morning when they woke up and found their usual breakfast-table covered with a thick, white, impenetrable cloth; while the thrushes and blackbirds, which, deceived by the long mild autumn into thinking winter was merely hearsay, had already begun to practise their singing, became mute once more, and, fluffing out their feathers, sat about in hedges and on tree branches, in such despairing attitudes that we knew what was coming even before the first tiny atom of snow showered down through the still, grey atmosphere—the harbinger, as it turned out, of a storm as dense, and quite as savage, as the historical one of January, 1881.

After years in the real country, we have inherited possession of a garden nearer London, from whence the birds have—oh, shame!—been ruthlessly chased and driven in order to preserve the fruit. When we came in early autumn the place was birdless; and it is pitiful even now to note the distrust with which our overtures are received, and to see instances of one-legged rooks and maimed thrushes that speak volumes of the warfare carried on against these charming children of Nature; but this hard winter is making us friends again; and it is curious to note how birds which a fortnight ago flew away in dense clouds the moment we opened a window, now do not move for anyone—except the brown puppy, that means no harm, but whose gambols strike awe into their souls—and remain feeding quite calmly while we softly replenish their water, or give them some small additions to their already very varied bill of fare.

At first we could not make out why our garden was so desolate. We put out our usual winter charity; but no one, save an extremely nervous robin, came to partake, and he picked up the crumbs in such an agitated manner we could hardly bear to see him; but, after a few days of severe cold, we saw, on rising, that our hospitality was accepted: for, seated round about on the trees, waiting for the food to be put out, were sundry sparrows, one robin, one starling, and, joy of joys! one large, rather dilapidated rook.

Now, if we have an ambition, it is to have a rookery all to ourselves; and this sight nerved us to new endeavours for our pensioners. Not only did we scrape together every crust and morsel of bread we could; but we begged bones, chopped up morsels of fat, and stole a spoonful of porridge from each child, making thus a savoury mess, which we disposed, some on the ground, to tempt the most nervous to confidence, and some on a chair, to take the bones out of the puppy's reach; for he was hardly versed enough in the laws of true hospitality to be able to resist temptation in the shape of food, did it come too obviously in his way: and then we waited most patiently to watch what the birds would do.

At first, the chair itself was a terrible obstacle to them; they could not make it out. They hovered round it, fluttered on the back, and (as one does not put one's best chair out for even the birds—and this was a trifle rickety) fluttered off again when it lurched with their weight; and, altogether, kept up such a twitterment and agitation that we thought our chair plan was a failure, and were going to impound the puppy for a few hours, when suddenly the rook rose to the occasion, and, taking possession of the chair, kept all the other comers at bay until he was satisfied: when a couple of starlings, recognising the advantage gained, took his place, and ate until they were satisfied too; a few pecks, judiciously administered, keeping away all the rest, which, having come to the conclusion that there was no trap concealed anywhere, were all anxious to share the food on the chair, and came in clouds the moment the starlings vacated the fort; and several most amusing aerial combats took place between those who were anxious to have the chair all to themselves, and did not wish to be annoyed by a host of others—all as hungry, and as capable of fighting, as themselves.

But soon the confidence that inspires our pensioners taught them to be far more patient than they were at first, and, finding the supply of food at present unfailing, they are much more ready to wait their turn than they were when the frost began; and instead of being restricted to the mere "gamins" of the neighbourhood, our company now includes some of the more aristocratic members of the bird world; while their tremor when the train passes our garden, and it does pass very near, shows us that they have come a long distance; for the birds that have come from the beginning pay no more attention to the trains than they do to any other noise, and continue feeding regardless of anything save the necessity of getting down as much as they can in the shortest time. The most entertaining among our pensioners is undoubtedly Donato, the one-legged rook: when he came first, he was simply a black heap of misery and ruffled feathers: his wings drooped; his tail was frayed from being dragged along the ground; and he had not a claw in his composition. His efforts to get on the chair were ludicrous indeed; but, once there, he completely altered: his feathers became tidier, he perked up altogether, and spreading out his wings, as if to keep off intruders, he cleared up about a pound of food of all descriptions, and then preened his feathers for the first time, we are convinced, for many a day; while now, he picks out the largest bones at once, and, standing on them with his one foot, cleans them so thoroughly there is not one scrap left when he has done with them—though now he has grown so cunning that he actually carried off one bone across the line, and left it there, and then came back for another; and we watched him from our window clean both of them, one after the other, undisturbed by the chattering crew, that now cease to dread his great wings and strong grey beak, and dare to dispute possession with him of some of the choicest morsels.

One day a stray partridge was discovered sharing the meal with the rest of our pensioners, that seemed quite unable to make him out. He ventured upon the chair at once, and ate speedily, but without alarm; yet he has never been since, and we fear he has gone the way of all game, though he was so very thin he would certainly not have been worth cooking; and we had fond hopes of taming him, and coaxing him to take up his abode in the shrubbery: hopes doomed to disappointment, for it is a week since we saw him; neither have any more rooks, save Donato, really become regular visitors—though they consume our turnips in the field, and hover about us as if endeavouring to gain confidence; and we are looking forward to adding several more of them to our numbers before the winter is really over.

We have robins, sparrows, tits of all kinds, starlings in hundreds, thrushes and blackbirds, goldfinches and bullfinches; and the noise they make while feeding or waiting about on the branches for the food to be spread, is well-nigh deafening, and strangers passing cannot make it out. But though the snow lies on the ground, and the boys slide and skate along the garden paths that are one mass of ice, our pensioners' voices give us a foretaste of spring, and promise us a concert once the winter is over and past, and we can be happy once more. Apart from the mere humanitarian view of keeping winter

pensioners, we can regard our birds as a great source of amusement, and we waste many a precious five minutes looking on and studying their different dispositions. Many a hearty laugh do we obtain over the overwhelming insolence of the starlings; the pugnaciousness of the thrushes, who attack each other seemingly without any cause whatever; and the sly complacency of the robin, who picks up all the pieces dropped by the others while fighting, and goes on eating regardless of any amount of noise and tumult around him; while almost endless small "happenings" among the birds give us food for reflection, and teach us how sensible, how vary, and how trusting are these small members of society that will, we have now great hopes, continue in our garden, and be summer singers as well as merely winter pensioners; though their manners, as regards quarrelling among themselves, might be improved; but certainly, if they were, they would cease to be half as entertaining as they are now: when to see five sparrows tackle and utterly rout a thrush, or to wonder which out of six starlings perched on the back of the chair will make the first successful dart at the stores of crumbs and meat waiting for them on the seat, keeps a whole nursery amused for hours.

J. E. PANTON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R. H. (Trowbridge).—How can you, and many others, have overlooked that, in Problem No. 2220, Black has a good reply to 1. P to Q B 6th in 1. P takes P, discovering check? "Our eyes are sometimes, like our judgments, blind!"
S. M. (Hyde Park).—The diagram is correctly copied.
E. C. JUNIOR (Nebraska, U.S.A.).—Glad to see the Far West represented in our list of solvers.
J. S. L. (Blackburn, Natal).—Many thanks for the *Annual*. It is, in matter and "get-up," highly creditable to your colony.
North-Bac. —We have not space, nor indeed time, for solution competitions.
T. L. (Trowbridge).—Thanks for the copy of Mr. Campbell's Problem. It is not up to his best form, however, and we shall ask his consent before publishing it.
J. F. (Belfast).—(1). A letter addressed to 37, King-street, Covent-garden, will find him. (2). Look at 2232 again.
W. R. R. (Ipswich).—Very pleased that you conquered in the struggle with No. 2230.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2220 to 2232 received from J. S. Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2227 and 2228 from Edward Gurney Junior (Nebraska, U.S.A.); of No. 2229 from An Old Lady (New Jersey, U.S.A.); of No. 2220 from W. R. Raille, Thomas Chown, Pierce Jones, T. Roberts, and E. L. G.; of No. 2231 from Edgar P. Hill, W. Lillie, Fidelitas Junior, Thomas Letchford, E. H. Martin, W. J. Greenwood, R. W. Spencer, E. F. Field (St. Petersburg), T. MacMahon Oregan, Pierce Jones, E. L. G., T. Roberts, Emma Boick (Berlin), R. S. Sumner, and F. S. Davies; of the CHRISTMAS CHESS NETS: Nos. 1 and 2 from J. C. Swaine; Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Den; No. 2, Digits; No. 4, T. Roberts.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2232 received from R. H. G. C. T. G. (Ware), R. P. N. Banks, W. Hillier, H. Wardell, L. Wyman, Jupiter Junior, Ben Nevils, Thomas Letchford, E. H. N. S. Harris, Oliver Iengla, L. Falcon (Antwerp), Shadforth, C. Oswald, E. Elshury, North-Bac, R. L. Southwell, W. R. Raille, H. Lucas, E. Casella (Paris), Jack, G. W. Law, The MacPike, T. Roberts, L. Desanges, Joseph Ainsworth, Pierce Jones, Thomas Chown, C. Darragh, R. Tweddell, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, S. Bullen, W. Heathcote, Sergeant James Sage, Netina, Otto Fulder (Ghent), W. T. Pierce, Harry Wood, A. C. Hunt, E. Featherstone, E. Louder, Rev. Winfield Cooper, R. J. (Portadown), Caledonia, E. L. G., and Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.).

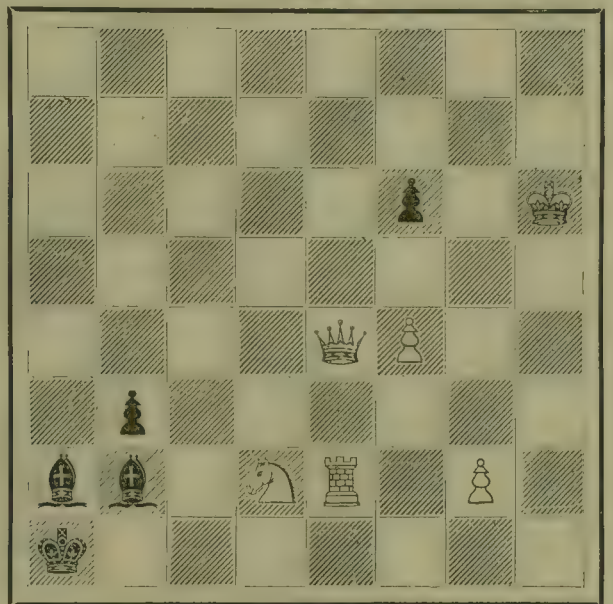
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2230.		No. 2231.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q B sq	Kt to K 5th	1. B to K R 2nd	Any move
2. Q to Q Kt 3rd	Any move	2. Mates accordingly.	
3. Q, Kt or Pawn mates accordingly.			
The variations are obvious.			

PROBLEM No. 2234.

By J. A. W. HUNTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

One of eight Games played at Manchester by Mr. BLACKBURN, sans voir, and simultaneously.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	14. Q to Q 2nd	R to K sq
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Q R to K sq	B to K B sq
3. P takes P	P takes P	16. Kt to Q 4th	P to Q R 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Q Kt to B 5th	Q to Q 2nd
5. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	18. P to K R 4th	
6. Castles	Castles		
7. B to K Kt 5th	P to B 4th		
Better to have continued on the close line adopted in the opening. This mode of development leads only to loss of time.		18. White has now got an attack after his own heart, and pursues it <i>con amore</i> .	
8. P takes P	B takes Q P	19. Kt takes B	B takes Kt
9. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	20. P to R 5th	R to K 4th
10. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	21. R takes R	It takes R
11. P to B 3rd	White to K 2nd	22. R takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd
Too risky: giving White a chance of an opening on the King's quarters, of which he promptly avails himself.		22. The usual "little bit o' Morphy."	
12. B takes Kt	P takes B	23. Q to R 6th	B takes R
13. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	24. Kt to K 7th (ch)	B takes Kt
		25. Q takes P (ch)	K to B sq
		26. Q to R 8th.	
		Checkmate.	

"The Chess Problem Text-Book" with Illustrations from the works of the authors, Messrs. Andrews, Frankenstein, Laws, and Planck, was published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. last week. We cannot content ourselves with a hasty notice of a work of this importance; but, containing as it does the views of four of our best modern composers on the theory of problem art, we may say here that no problem composer can afford to do without it.

A collection of Mr. J. W. Abbott's problems, at the price of one shilling, will be published in the course of next week by Mr. James Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

The mammoth tournament at the City Club is making good progress. The ever-courteous secretary, Mr. George Adamson, informs us Mr. Heppell is now leading the first class section with a score of 10½ out of twelve games played. Messrs. Jacobs, De Soyres, and Block rank next, each with 9½ out of twelve played; and that Messrs. Chappell, Mocatta, Hook, Woon, Griffiths, Wainwright, and Stevens follow in the order named. In the second class contest, Messrs. Cutler and Cope are leading in one section, with Messrs. Watts, Jones, Sargent, Cunningham, and Durrant close up. In the other second class section, Mr. Louis Zangwill, a student of the London University, aged eighteen, has won with the fine score of 10 out of a possible twelve.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the appointment, of Sir George C. Strahan, K.C.M.G., to be Governor of Hong-Kong, on the retirement of Sir George F. Bowen, G.C.M.G., at the expiration of his leave of absence in June next.

NEW BOOKS.

"Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," a book pleasantly written, and the fruits of much research, was published not long ago by Mr. John Ashton. The reading demanded for that work carried the author, no doubt, into many of the by-paths of literature and history, and he has now produced a volume of disconnected chapters, entitled *Eighteenth Century Waifs* (Hurst and Blackett). It is difficult to criticise a book so miscellaneous in character. There is an essay on "Milton's Bones," another on the "Times Newspaper," a third about Eugene Aram, and a fourth about that desperate duellist George Robert Fitzgerald, who at the age of twenty-four had fought eleven duels, and fourteen years later was executed for murder. Imprisonment for debt supplies a fruitful topic, which would have been more interesting if Mr. Ashton had consulted the novelists of the period. The chief authority for his statements is John Howard, who may well be called the philanthropist, for he did more to remove the miseries and horrors of prison life than any man who ever lived. Even in the eighteenth century prison life had its amusing side, and from a poem called "The Humours of the Fleet" the author takes some curious passages. In a paper on the "Quacks of the Century" there is little that we have not read elsewhere. How can Mr. Ashton call Emma Lyons, afterwards Lord Nelson's "dear Lady Hamilton," "a good-looking, florid, buxom wench?" She was, as everybody knows, and as Romney has indubitably proved, a woman of the rarest beauty. Among the quacks of the time, Dr. Graham is mentioned, who professed to cure his patients by mud baths. They were placed up to their necks in earth, and advised to give up using "the deadly poisons and weakeners of both body and soul, and the cankerworm of estates, called foreign tea and coffee, red port wine, spirituous liquors, tobacco, and snuff." Apropos of this earth cure, an amusing story is told in Thomas Moore's "diary" which Mr. Ashton might have quoted with advantage. Poets have been put to shifts before now to secure an audience, but surely no one ever hit upon such a strange method as Charles Lamb's "dear delightful George Dyer." Being, we are told, in despair of getting anyone to listen to his verses, when Mr. Graham came into the neighbourhood with his plan of burying people in the earth and leaving them there some hours, Dyer "took advantage of the situation of these patients and went and read to them all the while they were thus stuck in the earth." Mr. Ashton observes that this book has been taken from sources thoroughly original, and that in compiling it he has consulted nearly two thousand volumes.

We are indebted to the joint encouragement of the Folk-Lore and English Dialect Societies for Mr. C. Swainson's *Folk-Lore of British Birds* (Elliot Stock), a valuable and interesting contribution to our knowledge of the habits of birds, and of our ancestors. Books compiled with so much care offer, perhaps, little novelty; but they are chiefly valuable as bringing within the reach of the ordinary reader the labours of specialists, in all countries, who have devoted themselves to the explanation of popular myths and legends. A secondary interest, moreover, attaches to works relating to the folk-lore of the flora and fauna of a country, by furnishing a sort of key to the permanent and altered conditions of climate in this and adjoining countries. We can, by their help, trace almost to a day the arrival and departure of our summer migrants, and mark the change which has come over large tracts of country by the alteration of these dates. For example, the cuckoo, which is due in this country on April 14, is expected to arrive in France on St. Benedict's Day (March 21); in Germany, he used to be fully a week or ten days later; whilst in Norway he is not expected until May 1. What becomes of the cuckoo during the winter months has not been so satisfactorily cleared up by modern travellers as the general rendezvous of the swallows. It is, of course, round the most widely distributed birds that the largest amount of folk-lore gathers. About the nightingale, the wren, the cuckoo, and the magpie, the "wisdom of nations" has left numerous traces. The kingfisher and the hoopoe probably brought with them from Oriental sources, through Greece, the sad stories with which they are associated in Brittany and some parts of Germany. In these days of telepathy, moreover, it will be interesting to learn that in parts of Westphalia the peasants, on hearing the cuckoo for the first time, roll over and over on the grass, as a preservative against lumbago during the rest of the year; and that the water of which the crossbill has drunk is a specific against epilepsy. The connection of certain great events with different birds is a widespread belief, but the relations differ in various countries. The Russians hold that it was the sparrow which attracted the Jews to the spot in the garden where Christ was taken prisoner; and that at the Crucifixion they brought back to the executioners the nails which the swallows had carried away. And in parts of Lancashire plovers are supposed to contain the souls of those Jews who assisted at the Crucifixion. We might go on for a long time citing curious matter of this sort from Mr. Swainson's most amusing book. It is, however, valuable for the serious student in numerous ways; as giving a very complete list of the provincial and popular names by which the majority of our British birds are known in various parts of these islands. From this point of view we can cordially recommend this volume as a useful book of reference, whilst the author's researches into local and national folk-lore will give it a special interest and value to students of that subject.

Mr. Edward T. Mason, the editor of *Humorous Gems from American Literature* (Routledge), confesses, in the preface, that he is not altogether satisfied with his selection of "Gems." Some of the sketches, he observes, are hardly entitled to take rank as masterpieces; and he adds "that the final choice of the particular material selected has not always been decided by his preference, and is not always in entire accord with his judgment." For his own credit sake, Mr. Mason did well to state this, since no critical reader of the volume will hesitate in saying that a great number of the sketches are neither gems of humour nor of American literature. The special characteristics of the humour that comes to us from across the Atlantic are often wholly wanting; and, if we exclude three or four well-known names, there is little here that is of the finest quality. Mr. Mason should be aware that a sketch which will pass muster in a magazine, and please its readers, may be very unworthy of a place in a selection like this. The title justifies the reader in expecting the purest flour of humorous literature, but he will find it copiously mixed with bran. Moreover, we venture to doubt whether the first names in this kind of literature are adequately illustrated. Something better might surely be given from Longfellow than a tiny poem about Dr. Johnson; and though Nathaniel Hawthorne's well-known description of the British matron is humorous enough, the account of Dr. Heidegger is scarcely worthy of his genius. Oliver Wendell Holmes is one of the most delightful of writers; but the reader would scarcely be aware of this from the "gem" given by Mr. Mason; and we are not sure that even the "Biglow Papers" are made to yield of their best, though Mr. Lowell's quality as a humourist cannot but be felt when contrasted with the mediocrities that figure in the volume.



WITH THE TIDE.—PICTURE BY EUGÈNE VAIL, IN THE PARIS SALON, 1886.

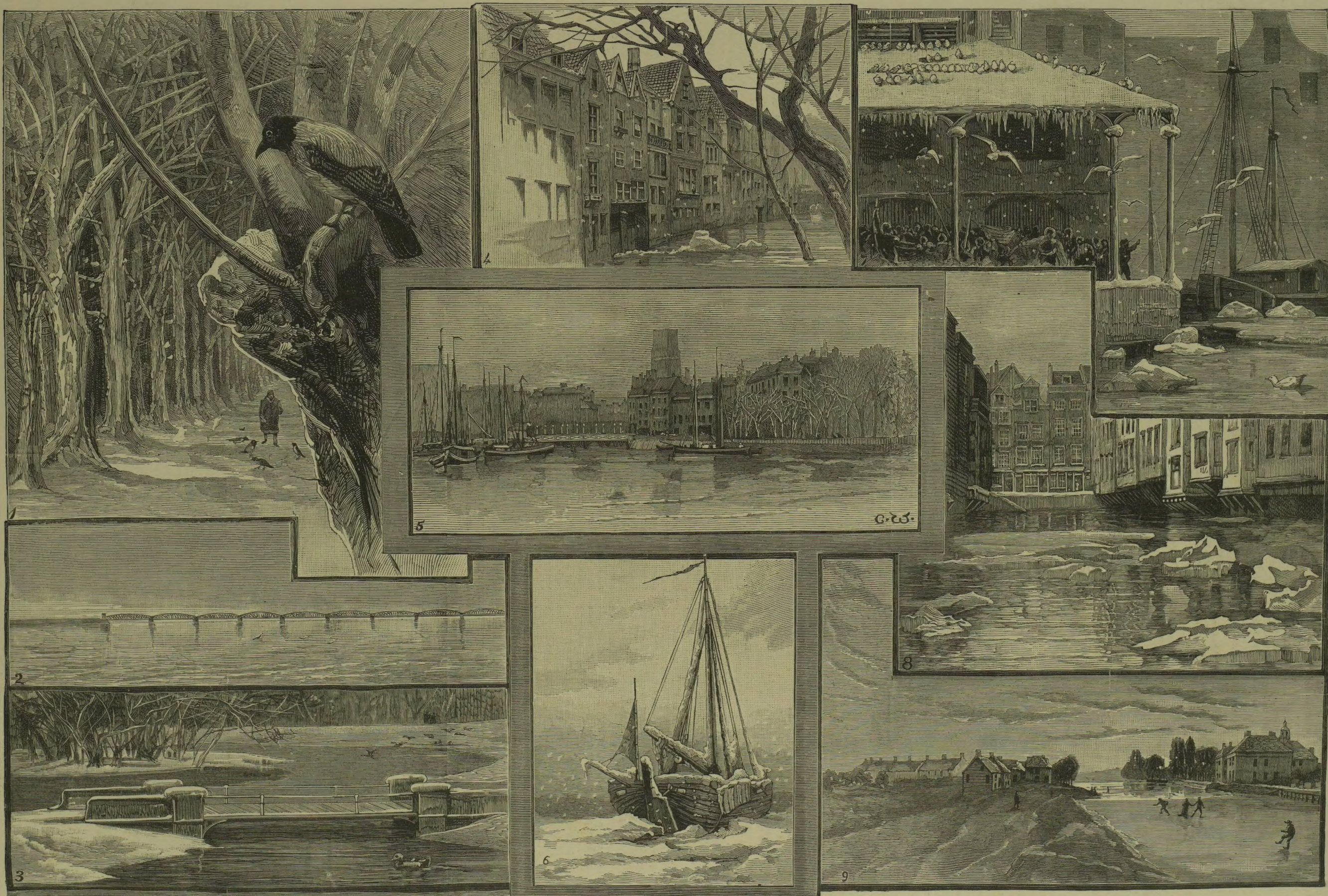
WINTER SKETCHES AT ROTTERDAM.

Rotterdam, being almost as much intersected by rivers, canals, and waterways as Venice itself, peculiarly feels the severe winter; and some of our sketches show the curious way in which miniature ice-floes have made their presence more or less uncomfortably felt by impeding the traffic. The thaws, however, have not allowed any great amount of ice really to lock up fast the busy traffic of the prosperous port. The hooded crow—a comparatively scarce bird in England, and, even when common, always shy and wary—is in Holland, by common consent, made a sort of favourite, and in return does good scavenger's work. He appears, under these circumstances, to have altogether lost his shyness; and more than once two or three were seen together tamely taking food from persons who threw bread to them as we might to sparrows and robins. The fish-market is one of the sights of the town; and there one might see one's future dinner swimming about in tanks. Seated on the top of the building were long rows of sleepy gulls, digesting the food which is bountifully spread before them, the offal of the fish being thrown into the water. The Cathedral, an old Gothic edifice of brick, though not remarkable for architectural beauty, appears, as shown in our central sketch, very picturesque in conjunction with the high-roofed brick houses, and with the shipping, which swarms on the canals through some parts of the town. Indeed, Rotterdam is a most interesting town for the artist and for the lover of the picturesque.

The city occupies an equilateral triangle, the base of which is an immense dyke or "dam," on the bank of the river Maas or Meuse; this dyke forms a handsome quay, called the Boompjes, from the elm-trees planted along its length, which is above one mile. Another great dyke, at the head of a creek of the river, divides the inner city into two almost equal parts, the New Town and the Old Town. The part between these dykes is all canals, islands, and bridges; and two great canals, along the outer sides of the city, meet at the apex of the triangle, to receive the waters of a stream called the Rotte; whence the name of Rotterdam. The "Hoog Straat," or High-street, running along the interior dyke, contains the best shops; it is crossed by New Church-street, at one end of which is the "Groot Markt," the market-place, with the bronze statue of Erasmus; at the other end is the Cathedral Church of St. Lawrence. The house in which Erasmus, the great scholar, whose real Dutch name was Gerrit Gerritz, was born, in 1467, now a tavern, is near the market-place. The population of Rotterdam is about 150,000, and it has much trade with the Dutch East Indies and other countries, the port being usually full of large three-masted ships. Many smaller vessels, with one mast, the hull often painted bright green, and striped red or white, lie in the canals; and steam-boats at the Boompjes start for the other towns on the river, and for those of other parts of Holland and the Rhine. The railway from Delft and the Hague, uniting here with that from Utrecht and Amsterdam, is carried on a bridge over the Maas to the south.

"WITH THE TIDE."

The movement of boats and ships on the changeable water of a tidal river, in any trading port with a large mixed population on its banks, where town-folk, country-folk, and seafaring men continually pass each other, is a spectacle of interesting variety and activity in which many artists have delighted. It may be seen on the Thames, between London Bridge and Woolwich, as well as on the Scheldt at Antwerp, on the Maas at Rotterdam, or at the French towns near the mouth of the Seine, or at Nantes or Bordeaux; for the picturesque elements of the scene, apart from national peculiarities of visage and costume, belong to the mingled situations and occupations of the diverse classes of people afloat, and to the common influence of the flowing or ebbing stream, the channel and vehicle of daily or hourly communication between the city and the sea. The figures in the boat, which occupies the most prominent position in the picture by M. Eugène Vail, reproduced in our Engraving, have a foreign aspect, reminding us of Southern France, and their physiognomy, not to say the woman's head-dress, is such as might perhaps be observed on the Gironde; but we cannot be sure that they are natives of the country, for sailors visiting distant ports are sometimes accompanied by the wife of one of them, and these may possibly be returning from the town to their ship. In any case, it is a good and effective picture, agreeable and truthful in spirit, while suggestive of much natural feeling.



1. The Avenue to the Park. 2. The Railway from Rotterdam. 3. The Park. 4. A Canal View. 5. The Cathedral. 6. Frozen up. 7. The Gulls at the Fish Market. 8. Ice on the Canals. 9. In the Outskirts of the Town.

WINTER SKETCHES AT ROTTERDAM.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 29, 1883) of the Most Hon. Ernest Augustus Charles, Marquis of Ailesbury, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Berks, late of Savernake Forest, near Marlborough, Wilts, and of No. 6, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge, who died on Oct. 18 last, was proved on the 14th inst. by the Most Hon. Elizabeth Louisa, Marchioness of Ailesbury, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testator gives to every indoor and stable servant who has been in his service for twelve months previously to his decease, six months' wages; and all the residue of the real and personal estate over which he has a disposing power, to his wife.

The will (dated June 10, 1885), with a codicil (dated two days later), of Mr. Stephen Peter Schilizzi, late of Park Point, Higher Broughton, near Manchester, merchant, who died on June 26 last, was proved on the 12th inst., by Stephen Augustus Ralli and Alexander Anthony Vlasto, two of the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £223,000. The testator leaves £400 to the Athens Hospital Evangelismos, for two beds—one in the name of his wife, and the other in his own name; £300 each to the Scio Hospital, the Scio Public School, and the Athens Syllogus for the Propagation of Greek Letters; £200 to the Educational and Philanthropic Brotherhood of Constantinople, all free of duty; his residence, Park Point, with the furniture, plate, pictures, statuary, works of art, articles of vertu, musical instruments, and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Theano Schilizzi; £80,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, with an absolute power of appointment over £5000, and subject thereto as to five thirtieths thereof each for his sons Peter and Michel, and his daughters Marigo and Harriette; seven thirtieths for his son Emanuel; and three thirtieths for his grand-daughter Chariclea; £32,500 to his son Emanuel; £25,000 to his son Michel; £22,500 to his daughter Harriette; £15,000 each to his son Peter and his daughter Marigo; and £10,000 to his grand-daughter Chariclea; and legacies to domestic servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives four twenty-fourths each to his sons Peter and Michel and his daughters Marigo and Harriette; six twenty-fourths to his son Emanuel; and two twenty-fourths to his grand-daughter Chariclea.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1885) of Mr. Alfred Cross, late of North House, Grantham, Lincolnshire, and of No. 14, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, who died on April 23 last, at Monte Carlo, was proved on the 15th inst. by Frank Hardcastle, M.P., Major Charles Richard Tennant, and Henry Alexander Stopford Claremont, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £170,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his nephew, James Leslie Cross; and £5000 each to the said Frank Hardcastle and Charles Richard Tennant, and to his nephew, Cecil Shepherd Cross. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to Mrs. Annie Charlotte Thorold, for life, and at her death as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated March 24, 1886), with two codicils (dated April 3 and 12 following), of Mr. Alexander Balfour, of the firm of Balfour, Williamson, and Co., ship-owners and merchants of Liverpool, late of Mount Alyn, near Rossett, Denbighshire, who died on April 16 last, was proved at the St. Asaph District Registry on the 6th inst., by Mrs. Jessie Balfour, the widow, Stephen Williamson, Samuel Smith, M.P., and Thomas Matheson, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £132,000. This sum, however, is exclusive of the value of his settled and real property, and his property abroad, which is of nearly an equal amount. The testator gives his estate of Ashgrove, in which his wife has a life interest under settlement, to his eldest son Frederick; £14,000 to his wife; and £15,000 to each of his children on the death of their mother, subject to a control thereover, which he gives to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or so long as she remains his widow, and then for all his sons as she, if she dies his widow, shall appoint; and, in default of any such appointment, to his sons equally.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1884) of Mr. Frederick James Archer, late of Falmouth House, Exning, Suffolk, who died on Nov. 8 last, was proved in London on the 18th inst. by Robert Herbert Mills and George Peddie Thomas Dawson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £66,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 to his daughter Nellie Rose, in addition to the benefit she takes under his

marriage settlement; £5000 to the said Robert Herbert Mills; £5000, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Alice Pratt, for life, and then for all her children except Frederick; £200 per annum for the support of his father and mother; £2000 each to his sister, Mrs. Coleman, his brother, Charles Archer, his sister-in-law, Annie Dawson, and his nephew, Frederick Pratt; £1000 to his valet, William Bartholomew, known as Solomon; and £500 each to his uncle, Albert Archer, and the said George Peddie Thomas Dawson. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter.

The will (dated July 28, 1884), with a codicil (dated Feb. 20, 1885), of Mr. William Thomas Mollison, late of No. 1, Whitehall-gardens, who died on Nov. 9 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Sir James Naesmyth, Bart., Richard Adams, John Badcock, and Hugh Lewis Taylor, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £59,000. The testator bequeaths £5000, free of legacy duty, to the University of Melbourne, Victoria, to found two or more scholarships in French, Italian or any living Oriental language, regard being chiefly had in the examinations for same to fluency in speech; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be equally divided between his brothers, Alexander Fullerton Mollison and Crawford Mollison, and his sister, Elizabeth Mollison.

The will (dated June 28, 1862), with a codicil (dated Jan. 25, 1864), of Sir Matthew Wyatt, late of No. 6, Hyde Park-square, who died on July 19 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by Sir John Budd Phear, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £55,000. The testator gives one moiety of the property he has power to dispose of under the will of his father, upon trust, for Mrs. Louisa Wyatt, for life; and there are various other gifts and legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for Mary Wyatt and Frederick Wyatt.

The will (dated July 10, 1862) of Sir Alexander Malet, Bart., K.C.B., late of Wilbury House, near Salisbury, and of No. 19, Queensberry-place, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 28 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by Sir Henry Charles Eden Malet, Bart., the son. The testator gives legacies to his sons, brothers, and other relatives, and to servants; and the residue of his property to his wife, Marianne Dora, Lady Malet.

The will (dated June 30, 1885) of Mr. Arthur Grote, F.R.S., F.L.S., late of No. 42, Ovington-square, who died on the 4th ult., was proved on the 31st ult. by Andrew Stirling, one of the executors. The testator bequeaths legacies to his daughters, Mrs. Stockwell and Mrs. Lewin, Hugh Arthur Grant, his friend Dr. Macrae, and his executors. The remainder of his property he gives to his daughter, Mrs. Selina Matilda Stirling.

NOVELS.

Admirable in very many respects is *A Daughter of the People*: by Georgiana M. Craik (Richard Bentley and Son); and Social Democrats should be grateful for so beautiful a portrait of a low-born, hard-working young woman. Everybody, moreover, of no matter what social rank or political persuasion, must derive profit from the study of so noble and so strong a character. At the same time, the truth should be told; and the admiration excited by the high tone and common-sense displayed in the story cannot be permitted to prevent an honest expression of opinion as regards other points. It has to be regretfully recorded, then, that the novel, though morally excellent, is not at all clever or—with the exception of the heroine's splendid self-sacrifice—original; that it is simple to the verge of childishness, quiet to the extent of tameness, so uneventful as almost to produce a sense of stupefaction, and spun out to the utmost limits of tenuity. Such an uninteresting bore and prig as the hero, too, has seldom occupied the principal position throughout three volumes; and, although he is exceptionally pure-minded and a perfect model of honourable intentions, he is, perhaps, all the more intolerable "on that werry account." It would have served him right if the heroine, with her very superior strength of will, had taken him at his word, married him in the teeth of his lady-like mother and his fashionable sisters, and then henpecked him to the very uttermost, driven his conventional family to distraction, and made his life a burden to him. How Miss Ruby could condescend to take the heroine's "leavings" is not easy to understand; but certainly some ladies, whether young or old, are always amiable enough to console the rejected bachelors who mourn to them, confide in them, and ultimately pay them the doubtful compliment of

proposing to them. On the whole, however, the heroine, notwithstanding the spinsterhood in which she elects to pass her life, may be considered to have "scored." The tale, which takes three volumes a-telling, is miraculously elongated out of the few following facts: a priggish artist takes lodgings at a small farmer's house, where he (of course) finds a lovely but uneducated girl, whose portrait he attempts to paint, and with whom he falls desperately in love, as she also with him; he offers to make her his wife, repeating the offer on several occasions, but she, partly of her own good sense and partly from pressure put upon her after a very questionable manner, constantly refuses, until at last he transfers his precious affections to "another." The writer, no doubt, inculcates a very useful and sensible but not at all new lesson: for, if not as old as the hills, yet of sufficiently venerable antiquity, is the memorable saying, "Si qua volēs aptē nubere, nube parī." Both the hero and the heroine of this novel seem to have held the views expressed in the Latin pentameter; and, that being so, a right-minded artist should not have invited the peasant girl to his studio, and otherwise behaved in a manner likely to compromise her; and a right-minded peasant girl (as the heroine undoubtedly was) should not have been represented as suffering herself to be lured to the studio, or to be otherwise compromised. So strong-minded a young woman, though she knew no Latin, would instinctively have acted upon another precept couched in that language, to wit, "obsta principiis"; and, as sternly as Regulus put aside his sorrowing and entreating relatives, would have sent away the ingratiating artist, at the very first time of asking, "with a flea in his ear." She might then have "married a market-gardener" and "lived happily ever after." She is nevertheless, perhaps, a more interesting and more edifying study for having given way to a little natural weakness without losing altogether her firm tenacity of purpose.

We do not for a moment doubt that Lady Herbert has written *Thekla—An Autobiography* (Burns and Oates), with the best intentions; but it is long since we read a story more painful or with fewer signs of verisimilitude. The characters and the circumstances alike strike us as unnatural, and especially the character of Thekla herself, who, at the age of fourteen, acts like a woman of thirty. Lady Herbert indulges too much, we think, in the easy although unpleasant process of killing off her dramatis personæ; and in this short tale seven or eight personages are disposed of in this way. It is creditable to the writer's earnestness and fervour that she should strive in this book, as in all she writes, to press upon her readers the claims of the Roman Catholic Church. "I know nothing, but I believe everything," is Thekla's reply to the inquiries of a Jesuit Father, and it is the kind of faith, based solely on emotion, that the writer seems to encourage. The reviewer, however, of a novel is not concerned with its doctrinal teaching, but with the writer's imaginative conception of incident and character. That a precociously clever child like Thekla should have been so deceived by Mrs. Leslie, her Irish aunt, so that she appeared to her something like an angel, when she was little better than a demon, or that a brutal fellow like Colonel Leslie should have exercised such power over the girl despite her hatred of him, is not rendered reasonable by the circumstances of the story. The reader with any experience of life will say at once that not even in Ireland could Thekla have witnessed such alternations of conduct as Leslie and his wife display. The impossible can be made probable by the novelist, but Lady Herbert does not succeed in this achievement.

It is announced that number 141 of the *Westminster Review* will be the closing volume of the Quarterly Series, and that in April next a monthly issue of the *Review* will be begun.

The election of a Coadjutor-Bishop for the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Armagh has resulted in an overwhelming majority for Dr. Lague, Bishop of Raphoe.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain T. Putscher, of the German steam-ship *Reiher*, of Bremen, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the ketch *Laurel*, of Southampton, which was abandoned off the Texel on Dec. 9, 1886. The Board of Trade have also awarded a gold medal to Mr. Ulrich Leuss, first officer of the *Reiher*, and silver medals to Wilhelm Ohm, carpenter, and W. Einnolf, A.B., who manned the boat which, under circumstances of great risk and difficulty, took off the crew of the *Laurel*.

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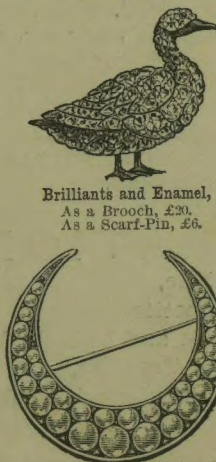
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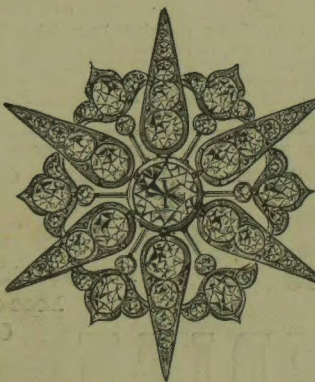


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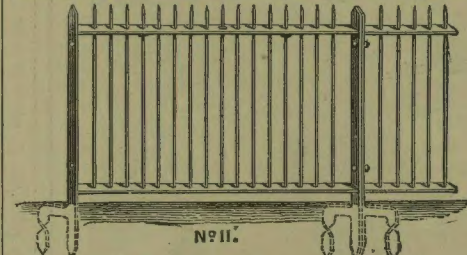
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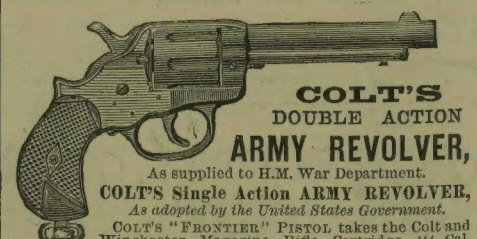
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